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SANDRA DEE



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A NEW HIGH IN THRILLING ACTION, SUSPENSE and **EXCITEMENT!**



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Based on
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by
James Ramsey Ullman

*Their strong young
love gave him the
courage to defy
tradition and challenge
the 'KILLER' mountain.*

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TECHNICOLOR®

STARRING

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James DONALD with Herbert LOM · Laurence NAISMITH

Produced by WILLIAM H. ANDERSON · Directed by KEN ANNAKIN · Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN

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DEC 29 1959

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***finish the job...
reach for Listerine***



Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste

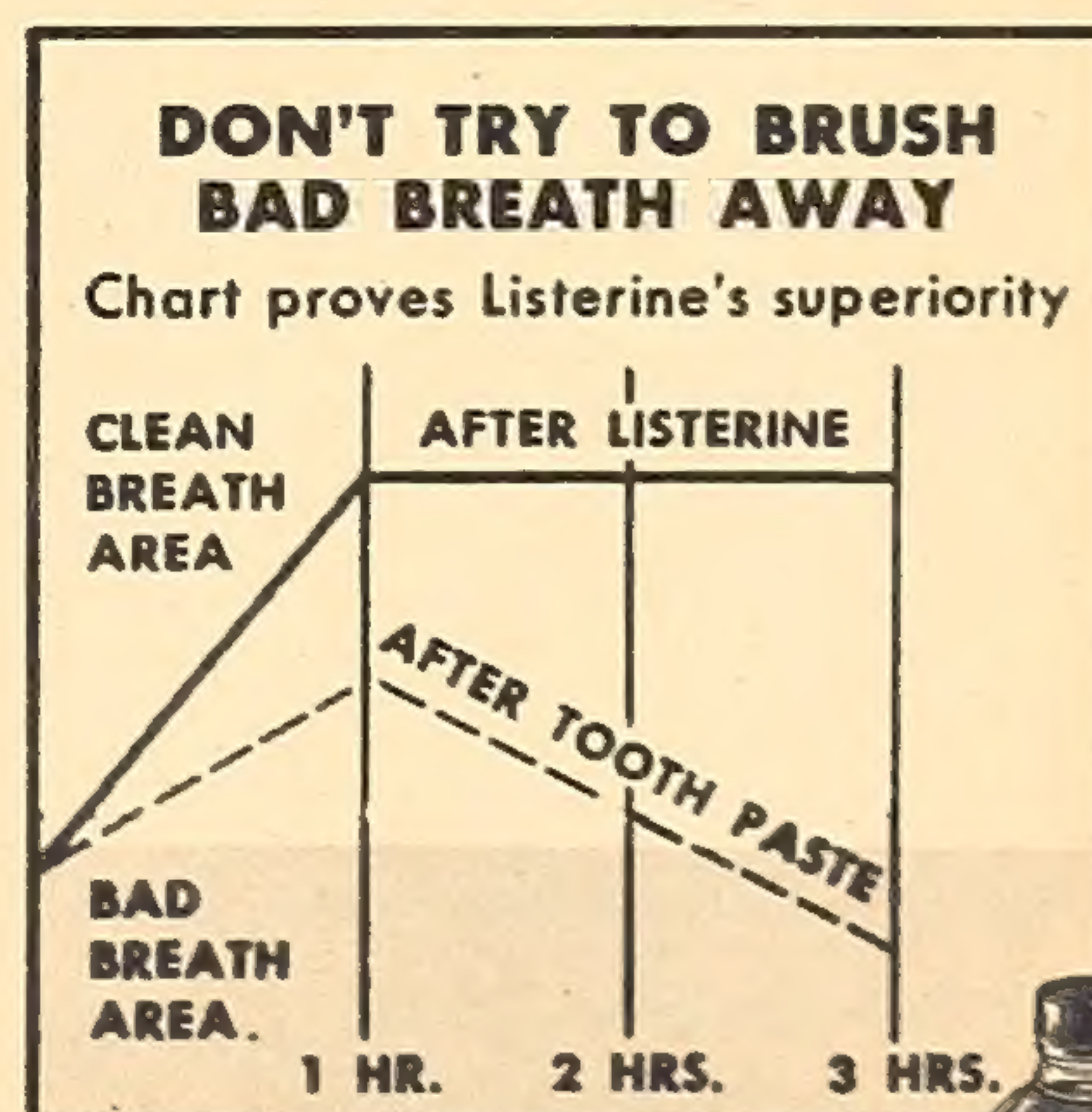
Tooth paste is for your teeth; Listerine is for your breath.

Germ in your mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic.

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... every time you brush your teeth





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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 61, No. 4

January, 1960

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ON THE COVER: SANDRA DEE, STARRING IN WARNER BROS.' "A SUMMER PLACE" AND EDD BYRNES, STARRING IN ABC-TV'S "77 SUNSET STRIP"

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THIS IS
THE PLACE
WHERE
A BOY
AND A
GIRL
DISCOVER
DESIRE.
WHERE
ADULT
EMOTIONS
VIOLENTLY
EXPLODE.
WHERE
THE
PEOPLE,
THE SINS
AND
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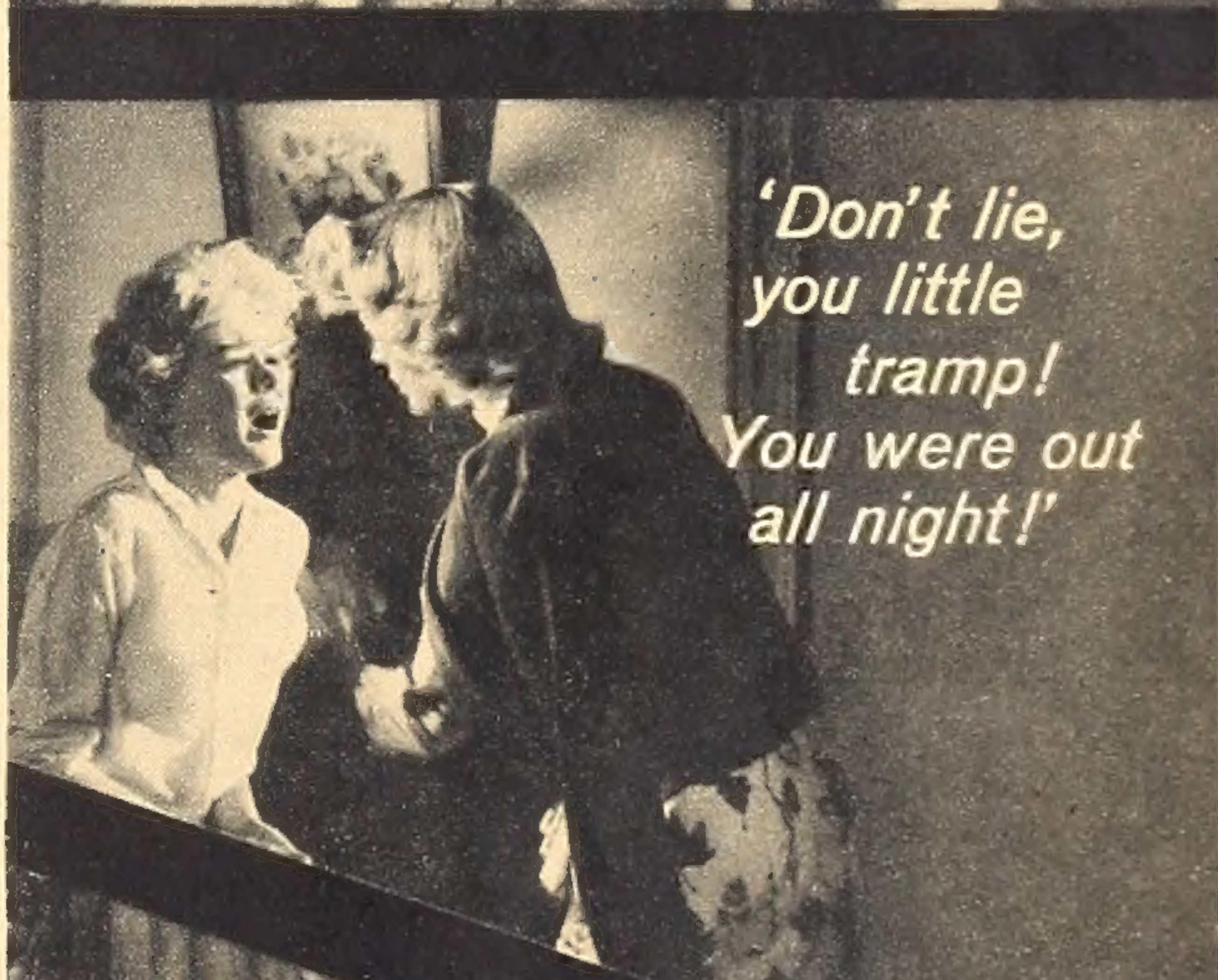
a Summer Place



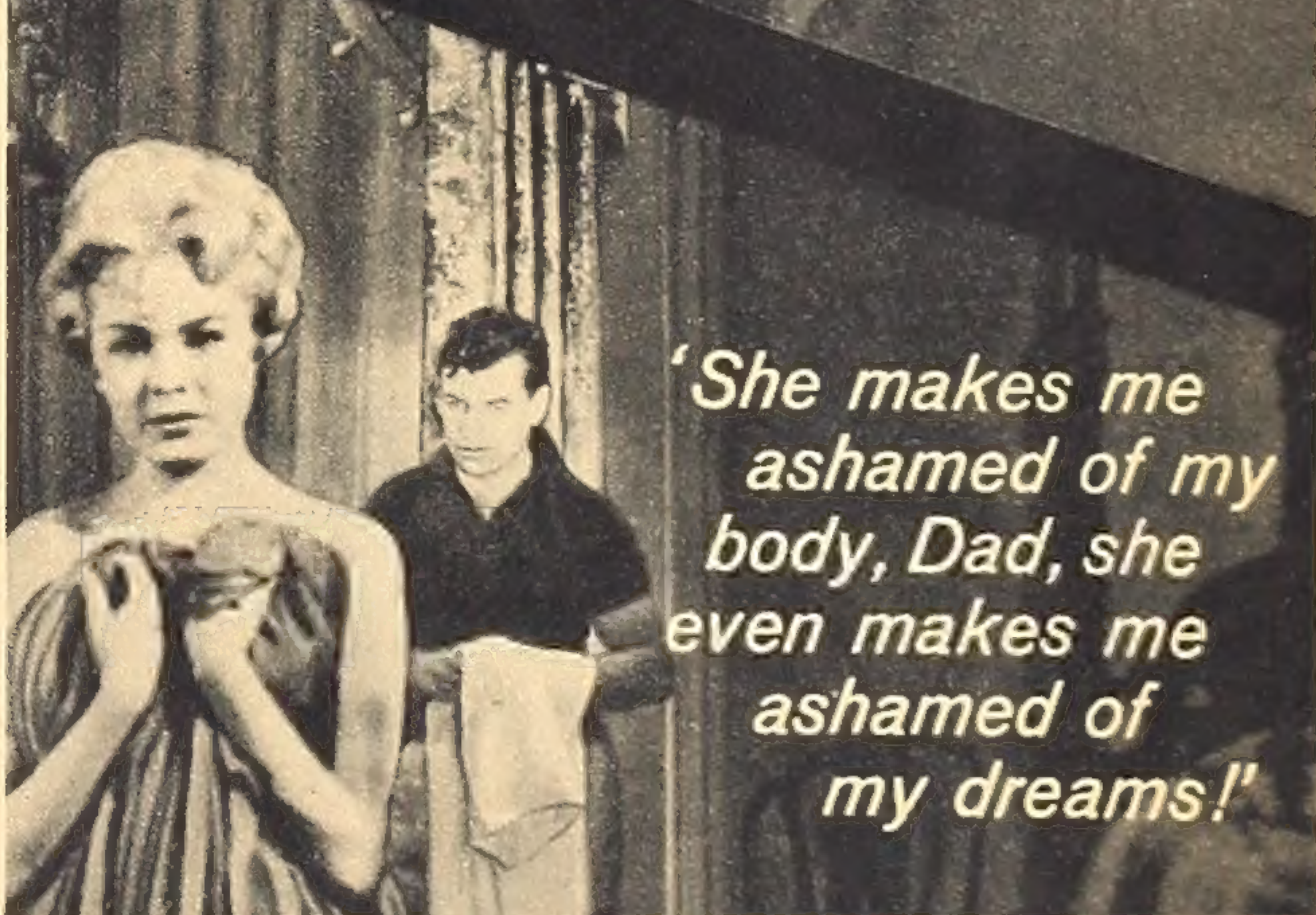
*'Have you
made love
like this to
any other
girls before,
Johnny?'*



*'What
right have
we to
give kids
advice?'*



*'Don't lie,
you little
tramp!
You were out
all night!'*



*'She makes me
ashamed of my
body, Dad, she
even makes me
ashamed of
my dreams!'*

FROM **WARNER BROS.**
TECHNICOLOR®

By the author of 'The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit'

STARRING

RICHARD EGAN · DOROTHY McGUIRE ·

THE MOST EXCITING
ROLE FOR TODAY'S
TOP TEEN-AGE STAR

SANDRA DEE · ARTHUR KENNEDY

AND INTRODUCING
A NEW YOUNG
STAR SENSATION

TROY DONAHUE

CONSTANCE FORD · BEULAH BONDI from the novel by SLOAN WILSON

Written, Produced and Directed by DELMER DAVES Music by MAX STEINER.

You'll hear the hit theme from 'A Summer Place'!



WARNER BROS. First in Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records

Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- No more co-starring for Brando and Magnani
- Danny Thomas to retire from TV?



BACK from Europe, Liz Taylor and Ed Fisher celebrate at Gotham's Harwyn Club.

HOLLYWOOD. . . . William Holden expects to be wealthier by two million dollars from his current two-year residence in Switzerland. . . . And don't be surprised when Henry Fonda joins the tax free residents in Europe—after he completes his current TV series in Hollywood. Henry has been complaining of high taxes that devour an actor's earnings in this country. . . . Fonda, incidentally, was the only actor invited to the exclusive soiree tossed by the Countess Volpi at the Venice Film Festival—his wife is a genuine Venetian baroness. Actors are usually taboo at these affairs where they are afraid of *la Scandale*. . . . I admire Jayne Mansfield's happy-go-lucky nature. She continued to smile in England, even when a pretty busybody tried to get her in trouble with the local gendarmes because Jayne kept her husky son Miklos up until 8:30 p.m. to attend a function with her and husband Mickey Hargitay. There isn't a better mother anywhere than Jayne. And I'm sure the young man had a good nap pre-show.

I wasn't surprised when Ernest Hemingway turned down the bit part of a

writer in the Ava Gardner film in Rome, "The Fair Bride." Hemingway didn't need the money, the extra publicity, or the inconvenience. . . . My bonnet is tipped to Sophia Loren for braving the charge of bigamy by returning to her native land. I hope everything works out for her. . . . Expecting mama Brigitte Bardot annoyed at the antics of tourists who try to invade her privacy at St. Tropez on the French Riviera, is looking for another hideaway on the Azure Coast. . . . Ditto authoress Francoise Sagan, who has joined the chic set, moving to less populated pastures.

George Hamilton, the new young heartthrob in Hollywood, looks like a taller Bob Evans. And that ain't bad. I first saw George behind a desk in the lobby of the Sand and Sea Club at Westhampton, Long Island. I believe he was a busboy, but even then he walked around as though he owned the place. . . . Rosalind Russell had to hire a team of accountants to add up her huge profits from the "Auntie Mame" stage and movie productions. She has the money pouring in in dollars, pounds, liras, pesos and francs. . . . You

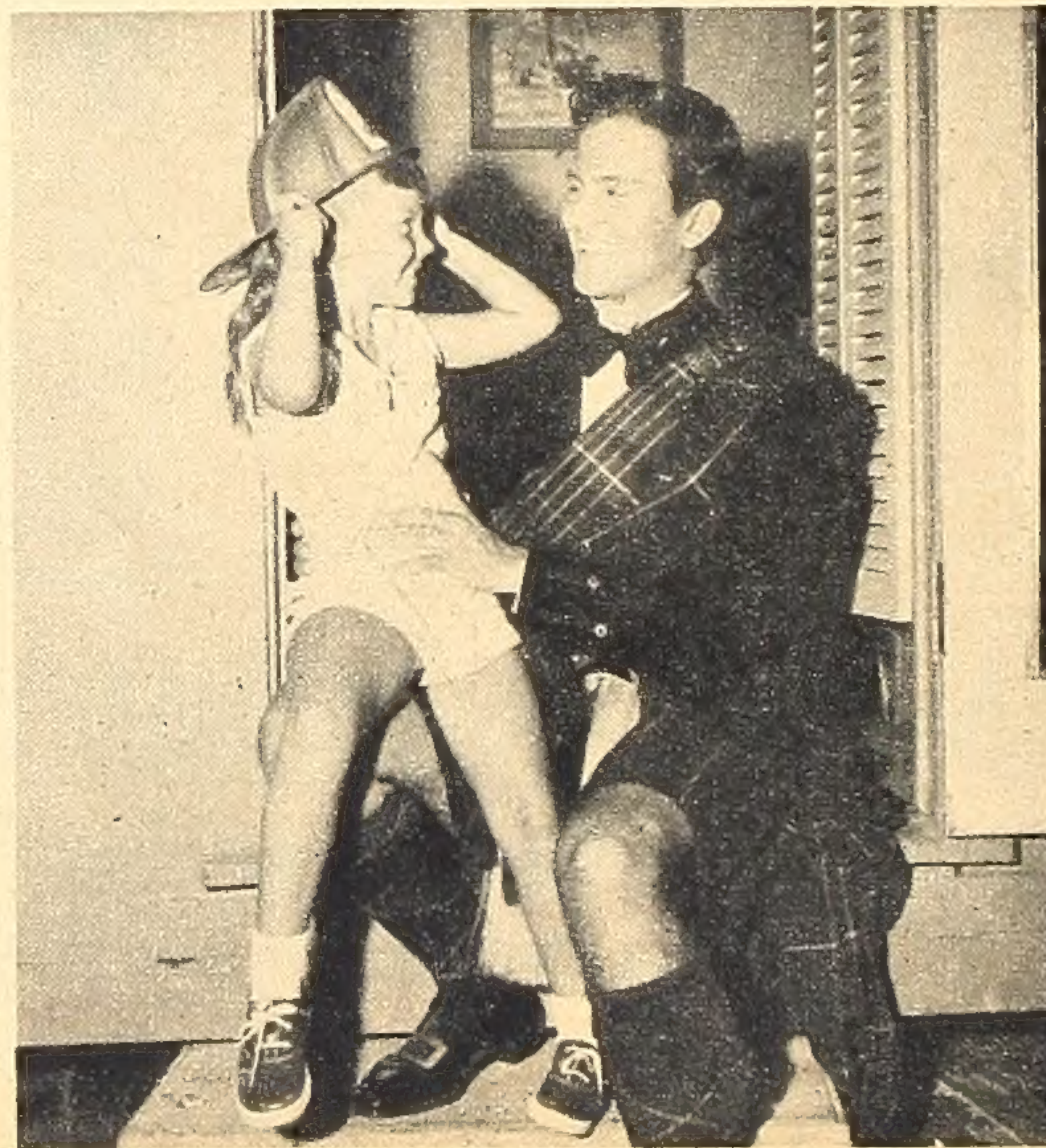
haven't lived until you've seen the Jan Mason's talented 11-year-old sprig, Poland, in her low cut, black crepe gown cut down from a Zsa Zsa Gabor creation a little girl playing grown-up. And she's a talented little girl. I predict a bright acting future for Porty, who was named for the late Fred Allen's wife. . . . There was talk that Porty would play "Lolita" on the screen. Not so. . . . Broderick Crawford, triple-chinned hero of TV's "Hawaii Patrol," stated in England where he is taking the two-year tax cure, that he makes half a million dollars a year from the cops and robbers business in video. . . . Now I'm hoping that Jim Aronson will be able to stash some of his Marshall Dillon loot away, on his new contract with CBS.

New singer Fabian was glad to take \$35,000 for his first movie, "The Howling Dog Man." If he makes a hit, watch for his price to zoom to \$350,000, a la Elvis Presley, who will be back to reclaim his singing wiggle-waggle spot in the Spring. . . . You don't count in Hollywood unless you own a Rolls Royce. Parked outside of Romanoff's t'other evening.

continued on page



OPENING of the "Ice Follies" finds Clint Walker chatting with skater-dancer Lolita.



BETWEEN scenes Pat Boone takes time out to entertain a young visitor to the studio.



PAST differences forgotten, Sheila and Gary Madison are happy they're together again.

THESE ARE THE FOUR LIVES THAT REVEAL THIS GENERATION.
THIS IS THE ONE MOTION PICTURE THAT CUTS TODAY'S WORLD TO ITS CORE!



A
woman's
Career
is loving...

a man
who
corrupts
her love for
his own
Career
gets hurt—
the way
it hurts
hardest!



*"Maury, don't make
a pass! I'm the
one who makes all
the passes!"*

**DEAN
MARTIN
ANTHONY
FRANCIOSA**



*"Sam, you married
her for a job. Well,
you got it...but the
baby is Maury's!"*

**SHIRLEY
MACLAINE
CAROLYN
JONES**

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

"career"



and introducing

JOAN BLACKMAN • ROBERT MIDDLETON

and co-starring

Directed by

JOSEPH ANTHONY

Screenplay by

JAMES LEE

A Paramount Release



Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Ben-Hur

NOTHING is spared in the sumptuous Technicolored adventures of a man, Ben-Hur, played by Charlton Heston, whose courage was that of ten, and whose faith was unshakeable. Prince of one of the wealthiest families in Judea, Heston, his mother and sister are imprisoned for life when an accident causes injury to the new Roman governor of Jerusalem. Sentenced to become a galley slave, in time Heston's strength attracts the attention of galley commander Jack Hawkins. Still another trick of Fate, and this time, with Hawkins help, Heston becomes Rome's greatest athlete. Despite the wealth, women, and elegant life, Heston decides to return to Jerusalem and search for his mother and sister. For what he finds this time, physical strength can do him no good, instead he must call on faith. Spectacular motion picture that's really sensational. (MGM.)

The Man Who Understood Women

INCREDIBLE! Truly incredible the way this careens down the DeLuxe color path of adultery and comes screeching to a halt when, after falling off a cliff,



CO-STARS Henry Fonda and Leslie Caron in film "The Man Who Understood Women."

the wronged husband, Henry Fonda, gasps out an apology to his flighty frau, Leslie Caron. A movie producer, Fonda, it seems, has been too busy molding Leslie into an international screen sensation, and not taking time out for romance. While in Europe the smouldering Leslie meets professional soldier Cesare Danova, a strapping example of the Continental lover. Leslie is smitten. For the next week, she deserts her husband and spends her time curled up on the various couches of Danova's bachelor digs. Mental, as well as physical, Danova soon realizes Leslie really loves Fonda. He ends the affair by going off to war. Just around that time, Fonda tumbles off the cliff, and Leslie has another chance to fit the pieces of her life and husband together. (20th Century-Fox.)

On The Beach

WHAT do people do when they realize they have but four months to live? Some would go on exactly as before, others would try cramming as much life into that pathetically short period as they could. This deals with the way five people face inevitable death, along with the rest of the world, from radioactive fallout. Atomic submarine commander Gregory Peck had lost his wife and children in



DONNA Anderson and Tony Perkins are two of five facing death in "On The Beach."



YOUNG Sandra Dee tells her troubles to dad, Richard Egan, in "A Summer Place."

the nuclear war that had destroyed the Northern Hemisphere. To console him when his ship arrives Down Under is Australian Ava Gardner, who drinks hard to forget her own fears. Nuclear physicist Fred Astaire has turned down Ava for the comparative safety of a fast foreign sports car. And Anthony Perkins very matter-of-factly instructs wife Donna Anderson on the use of pills that will kill her and their baby swiftly instead of lingering radioactive death. A powerful drama, wonderfully acted, this is going to have profound effects that will be long remembered. (United Artists.)

A Summer Place

THIS is the sort of Technicolor production with at least two levels—a bunk bed type plot, you might say. While oldsters Dorothy McGuire and Richard Egan are reliving their youthful affair of 18 years ago, their offspring Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue are making equally interesting discoveries. Dorothy's husband Arthur Kennedy, a well-bred lush will grant her a divorce only if their son Troy remains with him. Egan's wife dealt up equally stiff terms: Sandra, plus a wad of alimony. For Dorothy and Egan neither price is too much for a new start. For the youngsters, the outlook seems bleak—especially when faced with sudden and premature parenthood. A sudsy melodrama that takes a long time running through the machine, this guarantees a merry emotional binge for them that's vulnerable. (Warner Bros.)

Operation Petticoat

TO United States Naval Lieutenant Tony Curtis, late of Hell's Kitchen the Navy is his entree to marrying a wealthy socialite. Mission about to be accomplished, Curtis' ambitions are scuttled when he's assigned to the asthmatic mangy relic of a submarine under Cary Grant's command. The boys hit it off admirably—hate at first sight. But Grant soon finds the social climber indispensable.

continued on page 71



**"LET
EVERY
LOVER
BE THE
LAST!"**

There had been other men. But he made her feel like a girl awakening to life.
The bold, bitter-sweet love affair of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Sheilah Graham!

20th
Century-Fox
presents

**GREGORY
PECK**

**DEBORAH
KERR** IN

JERRY WALD'S
PRODUCTION OF

**BELOVED
INFIDEL**

**beloved
infidel**
by Sheilah Graham
and Gerold Frank

Co-starring
EDDIE ALBERT
Directed by **HENRY KING**

CINEMASCOPE
Screenplay by **SY BARTLETT**

COLOR by DE LUXE
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Tony Curtis' formula for keeping romance alive

★ Fabian wins friends and influences Hollywood

HEARTS AND FLOWERS—Janet Leigh says husband Tony Curtis knows how to keep romance alive; he doesn't confine his presents to her birthday and Christmas. "At least every two weeks Tony brings me some sort of present. Often it's inexpensive but it's always thoughtful." On the day they finished their co-starring "Who Was That Lady," for example, he brought her seven dozen red roses. And not to be outdone, she bought him a portable stereo machine for his dressing room.

BING'S GIRL—Make no mistake that Bing Crosby wasn't a pleased poppa when Kathryn Grant Crosby presented him with daughter Mary Frances. He appeared at the hospital next day wearing a huge "It's a Girl" button, later went on to a Dodgers ball game with Phil Harris, still sporting the big badge. Mama Kathryn says Mary is "petite and dainty" although she weighed nearly seven pounds, as compared with brother Tex born at the same hospital a year before. Of course Bing has his four grown sons, two of whom

are also fathers. The Crosbys came back to Hollywood after months of nightclub work for the Bob Hope TV "special" and admitted they'd lost 66 pounds between them on their tour. Gary alone lost 32 pounds. He needed to. He looks great now.

WACKY HONEYMOON—Gia Scala and Don Burnett got only as far as Los Angeles International Airport on their proposed New York wedding trip. Cheered on by well-wishing, rice-throwing friends they arrived at the port and boarded their plane. It taxied out to the end of the airstrip, turned and taxied back. Gia, Don and other passengers were told to stay aboard. They did, and waited. Eventually, the plane taxied out again but once more came back. This time there was an announcement of "mechanical difficulty" and passengers were told they could wait in the terminal until announced take-off. Gia had a hunch they "weren't meant to go" and asked Don to call his agent. Don did. The agent said he'd been trying frantically to reach him. Don was wanted



NEW DUO around town is Debbie Reynolds and Michael Dante, ballplayer turned actor.

for "Bourbon Street Beat." So Don and Gia got their luggage and went home. Gia's been taking cooking lessons because all she knew how to cook before her marriage was spaghetti!

W & W TEAM—That other coosie twosome of the younger married set, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, are on Columbia Nine because they finally are doing a film together, "Ever In Your Arms." In their free time before they started filming, they did some fishing from their boat and Bob caught a good-sized shark which he had mounted and it's now hanging over the den fireplace. A picture of it would be prettier!

FAMILY PORTRAITS—As a surprise birthday present for husband Jack Kelly, Mae Wynn had a pastel portrait of him done by prominent artist Nicholas Volpi. (You know he's prominent: he's \$500 per portrait.) Two years ago Jack had the same artist do one of Mae. Now they hang side by side over the fireplace. Mae and Jack both were

continued on page 2



STRIKING twosome at Hollywood cocktail party are Gardner McKay and Joan Collins.



TV ACTOR Don Burnett sticks close to his bride, Gia Scala, at a filmland gathering.



EYEBROWS were raised when big Jim Aronson and Rhonda Fleming came to party together.

"THE MERRIEST!"

—Chicago TRIBUNE

"MADCAP ANTICS!"

—New York HERALD TRIBUNE

"HAVE FUN!"

—St. Louis GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

New **POPULAR LIBRARY** bestseller

CINDY AND I

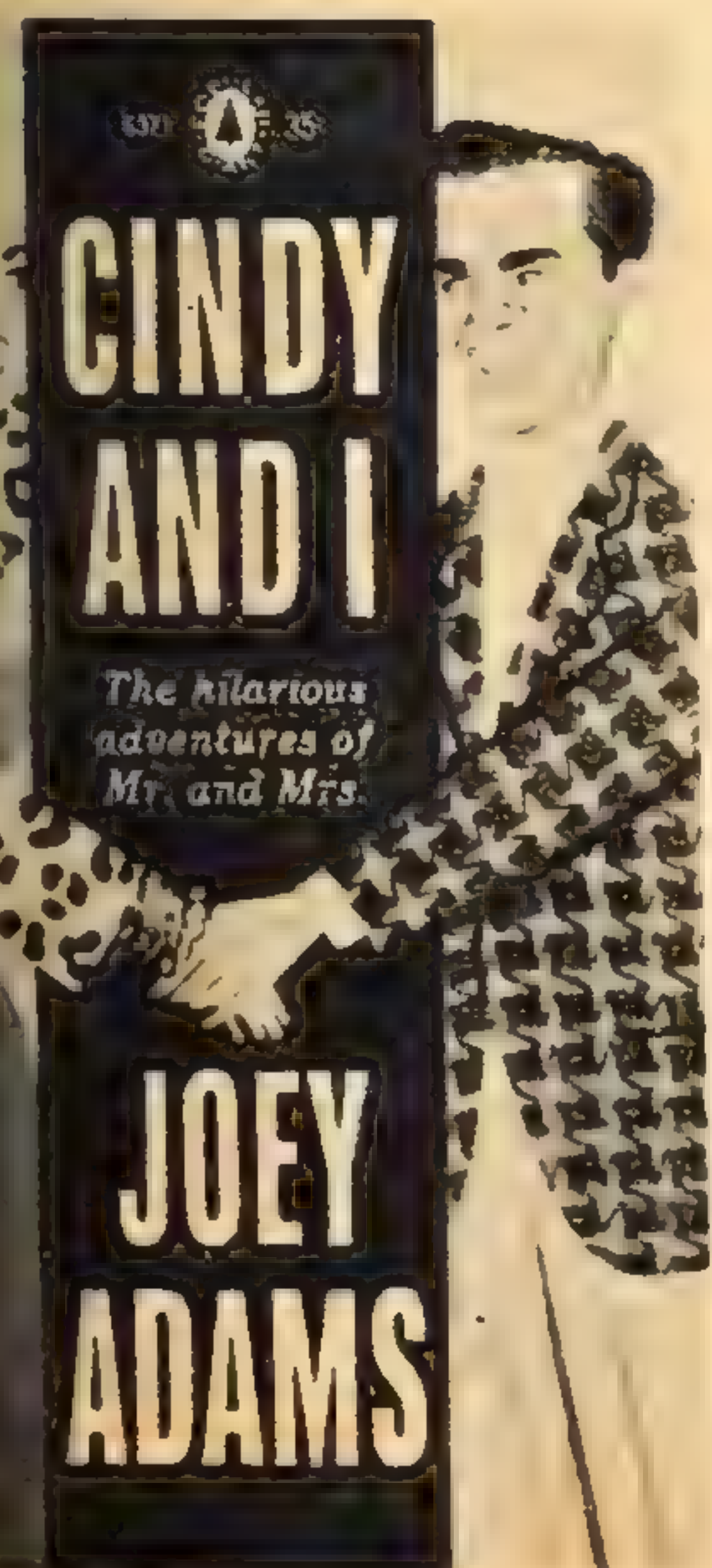
BY JOEY ADAMS

You'll cherish every chuckle in these hilarious adventures of TV star Joey Adams and his comedienne wife, Cindy. It's the cheery bestseller the New York HERALD TRIBUNE acclaimed as "a happy book, sometimes slap-happy...the completely zany and unpredictable madcap antics of the author's life with Cindy."

*Read the delightfully intimate,
gay, heart-warming new book,
CINDY AND I.*

**A POPULAR LIBRARY
GIANT Bestseller**

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outmodes clumsy rod applicators



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Maybelline—always the purest and best in eye beauty

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69¢



HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

jured in water skiing accidents at Lake Tahoe. He sprained his ankle but was able to work after he returned from vacation. Mae, unfortunately, suffered a whiplash in her neck and had to cancel out a role in a feature film, delaying her return to the screen.

MAY WAIT—Although they'd planned an earlier wedding, James Darren and Evy Norlund may wait until the beginning of the year so they can take the long honeymoon they want, first to Philadelphia to see his folks, then to Denmark to see hers. The delay was caused by Jimmy's assignment to starring roles in two films: "All The Young Men" and "Let No Man Write My Epitaph."

TROUBLE—Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have lived in the same big white house in Hollywood for about 18 years and never needed special "protection" but now reluctantly they've put up a very high fence with locked gates. Rick's the reason, of course. His fans have been peeking in windows, hiding in bushes. And one time the Nelsons came home and found teenagers swimming in their pool, even though they had a lower fence around that. Rick's very secret about his dates

these days, says, "They're just nice non-pros in our crowd." David's best girl, Donna Sue Needham, did a TV show with the Nelsons and the episode was titled "Who Needs Girls?"! Incidentally, the fans handed in rave review cards for Dave's performance in "30-" after the sneak preview. He proves he can handle comedy very well in this; this is news, for he's usually played "straight" for Rick on TV.

NO TROUBLE — Despite rumors, there's no marital trouble between Don Murray and Hope Lange and they've just had a happy five-week European trip which they called a "second honeymoon." A nice factor: All their expenses were paid. This was a situation unique in Hollywood history, for two studios got together on arrangements for Don and Hope to do personal appearances in European capitals to publicize two different pictures, his "Shake Hands With The Devil" and her "Best Of Everything."

UNDERSTANDING — Until recently, Diane Baker refused to go to parties if her "steady," Dennis Powers, couldn't accompany her. But he's gone back to Occidental College and has such a heavy scholastic schedule he can see her only on weekends. They've reached an "understanding" that Diane may have to go to some parties and premieres when Dennie

can't attend, so she'll go with other boys. "I suppose each time the columnists say I have a 'new romance,'" sighs Diane. That's exactly what happened when she attended a premiere with Warren Beatty. Shirley MacLaine's younger brother was starting an acting career.

DIPLOMATIC—Pat Boone's ever-loving wife Shirley made a point of staying away from the set the day he had his much publicized "first screen kiss" scene with Diane Baker in "Journey To The Center Of The Earth." Said Shirley, "I was afraid I'd laugh and embarrass him. I can wait to see it on the screen." Pat's new record album, "Side By Side," seems headed for the top ten and they've done a Christmas album for the holidays.

SMART BOY—Fabian made himself lots of friends while here making "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Knowing." Everybody seemed to like the 16-year-old. He topped his stay by giving presents to everyone connected with the picture, not just the cast but crew, too. Then he gave a party at the Interludes and said "thanks" to the press and disc jockeys. That's news! As for dates, he played it cool and didn't get involved. He has dates with Annette Funicello, singing Judy Harriet and other gals, and photographers always were on hand to take pictures. Little Roberta Shore was supposed to do a "date layout" with Fabian but couldn't because of her conflicting schedule in Dick Clark's "Because They're Young"—and she was desolate! But her consolation was that she had her first screen kiss in that film from Warren Beatty, who's pretty popular, too. Warren's real girl is Betty Lou Keim.

WOLF?—Know how Robert Horton is entertaining his dates now? He takes them flying in his Piper Comanche four-seater plane. Could it be Bob figures girls can't walk home from a plane ride?



SHELLEY Winters and Anthony Franciosa attend showing of his new film, "Career"

ANTERIOR MOTIVE? — Carolyn Jones is a gal who likes diamonds, furs and a glamorous home but in cars she likes small ones. Two years ago her husband, Aaron Spelling, bought her a big Cad convertible. Sooo, she's been driving his small sports car—and he had the use of the Cad. Before she left for Alaska for "Ice Palace," she had a hunch and told Aaron, "While I'm away do anything you want—except buy a new car." When she got home, there parked at the curb was a brand new white Cad convertible! He said it was a present for her, but she says she'll continue to drive *his* small car. Carolyn was a very sick girl and lost so much weight that she now is drinking a quart of cream a day, until she gains back 12 pounds.

SURE CURE—Stuart Whitman says he and wife Patty have a way to end any little family arguments—and who doesn't have them? When things start getting tense one will tell the other, "Watch out. When our anniversary comes around I might not pick up your option!" It always gets a laugh. On their seventh anniversary in October, Stu gave Patty a new gold charm for her bracelet engraved "I'm picking up the option."

DISGUISE—As we told you last month, Dick Clark was wonderful with fans here, gave up lots of his time to them while he was making "Because They're Young." But his work schedule was so heavy that he didn't have time to do much sight-seeing with wife Bobbie and son Dickie. Just before they went back East, Dick decided he'd better take two days off and show Bobbie the places she wanted to visit. They went to Disneyland, Olvera Street, Farmers Market and other L.A. tourist spots. But because time was limited and to avoid delay his recognition by fans would have caused, Dick wore a disguise—hat, dark glasses and moustache. **END**



YOUNG Susan Kohner seems starry-eyed as she and Troy Donahue watch lobby hoopla.



Draw me

*win a \$2000.00 scholarship
to any college you choose!*

Just draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. As winner of contest you get a \$2000.00 scholarship to any college or university, anywhere, any time!

This drawing contest—for amateurs only—is sponsored by the art school, Art Instruction, Inc., in the interests of broad education for all with a talent at drawing. Here's \$2000.00 towards that college education that means so much today to a young person. Wouldn't this award be

a help to you—in starting your college training, or going on with it?

Entries will be judged on the basis of natural talent only—the talent you were born with. Judges will be professional artists with ability to recognize natural talent in the work of an amateur. Judges' decision final. No entries returned. Our students not eligible. Entries for \$2000.00 scholarship must be received by June 15, 1960. Winner selected July 1.

*\$430.00 commercial art course
will also be awarded*

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Here's professional art training you can get in your spare time, whether still in school, or employed, or keeping house. You are taught, through the mails, by

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One entry (if received in time) puts you in the running for BOTH prizes—a \$430.00 home study course in commercial art and the \$2000.00 scholarship to any college you choose, anywhere, any time.
Winners notified. Mail your drawing today.

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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your draw-a-head contest for a \$2000.00 scholarship to college of my choice and (if received by 1/31/60) a \$430.00 commercial art course.
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Occupation _____
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State _____



Behind the Millie Perkins engagement

Long before Millie announced her plans to wed Dean Stockwell, Hollywood was agog with rumors of a secret elopement; here's the inside story



ROMANCE between Dean and Millie was kept under wraps until both became annoyed with phoney gossip items linking Millie to others.

By BILL TUSHER

DEAN STOCKWELL sat down for a snack in his Hollywood apartment and unfolded the early edition of the afternoon paper. He scanned the front page anxiously until he found the telltale story. It was a one-paragraph report with a New York dateline, under the heading STARS TO WED.

He let out a war whoop, tossed the paper in the air, pushed back his chair and did a jubilant jig. That was it! That was the signal he had been waiting for. Millie had won over her parents!

Dean had been restless ever since Millie's secret trip to New York. She was on the most important mission of both their lives. She was going to tell her folks first-hand how hopelessly she and Dean were in love, and of their unshakable determination to marry. It was all arranged. The moment she got their consent, the engagement would be announced.

The only possible stumbling block was parental concern for their chances of being happy because of different religious origin—Millie being Catholic and Dean being partially of Jewish descent. To Millie and Dean nothing could be less important. To them this was a mere flyspeck on an idyllic landscape.

But out of consideration for their families they had refrained from doing anything precipitate. They had put their love to test. The passage of time succeeded only in accentuating their devotion, not their differences. It served only to confirm their early certainty that their crowning happiness lay in marriage.

Now the last possibility of family opposition had been removed. Millie and Dean breathed a final sigh of relief—and triumph. Twentieth Century-Fox had released the engagement announcement in both their names from New York. Millie had accomplished her purpose. At last—with full family approval—they would be married!

Yet Hollywood treated the official news of their betrothal as an anti-climax. Almost two months earlier, the movie colony had gone through a full-scale Millie and Dean elopement scare. Even after the official engagement announcement, the suspicion persisted in some circles that Dean and Millie already were married—and that they are now going through a token engagement and a second more conventional ceremony as a gesture to their families.

It was not without reason that reports of an
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"My husband, Roger Smith"

By VICTORIA SHAW (*Mrs. Roger Smith*)

*"If Roger has any secrets of
any kind from me, he keeps them
so well they have no reality
so far as I'm concerned," says
Vickie of her famous spouse*

TAKE JEFF SPENCER of "77 Sunset Strip," and there you have my husband, Roger Smith. Except . . . and what a big exception you have to make to start with. I mean the chasing girls angle, of course. So maybe I'd better say Roger's TV series character is pretty much like Roger *would* be if he *didn't* happen to be married and if he *did* happen to be a detective.

Even "as is," Roger's a pretty sharp detective in real life. That is, he's very good at finding out things you don't want him to know, and at remembering things you wish he'd forget. He can reach back in his mind and run down facts based on incidents anybody else would have overlooked or at least forgotten.

Like last summer when I was working on "The Crimson Kimono" at Columbia Studios, and the subject of giving up smoking came up. I confidently brushed off Roger's reasons for me to quit. "It's not bad for me to smoke," I told him. "You know I've always said it doesn't hurt me."

With an agreeable, polite smile Roger changed the subject—I thought. Steering the conversation with such a light touch that it seemed to drift naturally, Roger started talking about a particularly happy evening we'd had a few months back, eating dinner in a very nice restaurant on the pier at the beach.

"Remember all the things we talked about that night?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I nodded. "I remember reminiscing about when I was a little girl in Australia, and about growing up—"

"And," he broke in, "about how you realized smoking was bad for you!"

He had me there—as usual. Having been trapped into remembering, I had to admit he was right.

On the other hand, when it comes to a different kind of detecting, let's not forget to put this into the record:

Some months ago, thieves, or vandals, or warped practical jokers, stole all the sprinkler heads out of our garden watering system—and my "detective" hasn't caught up with the culprits yet!

Of course, Roger was "off the case" for a good many weeks while he was in and out of the hospital, getting over the injuries he suffered in his accident. You may remember what happened. He was carrying a hi-fi set down the steps, taking it to the studio, when he tripped over a flower box and was badly hurt in a fall that he took.

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"We've both changed an awful lot since our marriage, but by no means because we've tried to 'reform' each other," claims Vickie

During his convalescence people used to ask me if Roger was a good patient. Usually most of them were a little bit shocked when I'd answer, "I have yet to meet anyone who is a good patient." Then I'd have to explain what I meant. Simply that Roger, like most other people, wasn't any good at playing the charming host to visitors, however well meaning, while he was lying there in pain.

But Roger was an excellent patient so far as doing everything the doctor told him to do—and without complaint or protest, either—no matter how hard it was to obey orders at the time. Later he told me he figured he didn't have any choice, if he wanted to get well. And you can be sure Roger did want to get well as soon as he could.

The accident happened on the Monday before Father's Day, which I think was in mid-June, and Roger didn't get back to work at Warner Bros. until around the middle of August, so you can see he had a long siege of practicing patience as a patient. Or maybe, as a friend of ours kiddingly suggested, he was just being stubborn and showing us how obedient and patient an independent, impatient man can be

photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



LISTENING to hi-fi, the Smiths are thoroughly absorbed. Vickie stars opposite Dick Clark in movie "Because They're Young."

Roger really is pretty stubborn, and so am I, but we're not stubborn with each other. Only about *things*. Like work. C recovering from a severe accident. In personal matters, we're each so ready—and even eager—to claim "It's *my* fault," we can almost start another quarrel about who's to blame for the first one. I must admit, though, that on the whole, Roger gives in less than I do in disagreements.

But we don't do a lot of arguing. Don't believe it's worth while. As Roger says, so many married couples argue uselessly about things that are already past . . . things that can be changed . . . that nobody can do anything about anyway. Arguing like that is a waste of time for people going through life together, as Roger and I are doing.

Maybe we got all our arguing out of our systems before we were married, because we certainly used to argue a great deal then. I'd say though that usually we argued more out of misunderstanding than disagreement with each other.

Roger, of course, was brought up in California and Arizona while I grew up in Australia. We've used the same language all our lives—but we've used it differently. And that's why and how most of our misunderstandings would spring up.

I remember once after we became engaged I started to say to him, "I have a boy friend in Australia and—" That was as far as I got.

Roger flared up. What did I mean by having a boy friend in Australia when I was engaged to *him* here? I started arguing that there was nothing wrong with a girl having boy friends no matter how thoroughly engaged she was. We carried on like that for quite a while.

FINALLY we got the hassle straightened out. When I used the term "boy friend" I had used it in the Australian sense, meaning just a friend who happened to be a male. But Roger had understood "boy friend" in the American sense and thought I was brazenly romancing some unknown rival. For a while there, he didn't know where we stood in our own romance. Thank goodness we usually understand each other better now and use the same language in the same way.

Incidentally, Roger has a very quick temper. Both ways. He can lose his temper in a hurry, but he finds it again just as fast. Me, I'm exactly the opposite. While I go along brooding on and off about the same thing for hours, or even days, Roger has gotten angry and recovered his usual good nature at least four or five times about as many different things.

There's one thing I must say that may get an argument from a number of girls who loom up in Roger's past: I couldn't possibly agree with what *used* to be his taste in girls—until the time he took up with me. Now, *there* he showed fine taste! (Ed. note: *He certainly did.*)

Naturally, Roger says the same thing about my choice of boy friends before I began going with *him*. From time to time there's quite a lot of teasing between us about what a coincidence it is that our taste in the opposite sex improved so miraculously when we met each other and started going around together.

Seriously, neither of us tries to pretend that we didn't have crushes on other people before our marriage three years ago. Roger doesn't hesitate to mention his ex-girl friends any more than I try to cover up the fact that I used to have boy friends in a past where he didn't yet exist for me.

The way things are between us, if Roger has any secrets of any kind from me, he keeps them so well they have no

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ROGER and Vickie like to tease each other about how their taste in the opposite sex improved when they met and started in dating.



SOPHIA LOREN

"Breath of Scandal"

That's the title of Sophia's latest picture which was filmed last summer in Vienna where all was gay

OUTSIDE Hoffberg Palace in Vienna, Sophia enjoys a few moments of relaxation between scenes of Paramount's "Breath Of Scandal."



A SMILE lights up Sophia's face as she rehearses her lines. Her co-stars in film are John Gavin and charming Maurice Chevalier.



photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



SURPRISE visitor on set, husband Carlo Ponti, brought this response from Sophia. Her next film: "Bay Of Naples" with Gable. **END**

*His unhappy teenage marriage behind
him, Jimmy's private life is once more
on the upbeat; he's now experiencing*

A new kind of love

FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER overlooking the verdant green Kleig-lighted lawn and the large warm-watered swimming pool came the pre-recorded strains of "Let There Be Love." A nippy breeze cast up from the Pacific laid a nocturnal chill over the Columbia Ranch in Burbank. The public address system sent Jimmy Darren's plaintive ballad to every corner of the sprawling movie-making compound.

Jimmy's voice was warm and gentle. He mouthed the words as he sat under a tree with a group of frolicking young men and women while the lawn party scene was set up. He wore a pale blue chenille robe over his bathing suit and seemed to be enjoying himself. It was the beginning of a shooting session that was to last all through the night. Then "The Gene Krupa Story"—in high-budgeted color and Cinemascope—would be in the can.

After that—as the song said—let there be love!

How fortuitous that Jimmy's big number should be a revival of "Let There Be Love." It was that very romantic determination that explained the monumental changes in his private life. He had had his share of counterfeit emotions, his share of frustration and groping. Now he proposed with a purpose that could not be turned aside—let there be love!

And there was—deep, abundant love.

I stood on the sidelines with a willowy girl in black capris and a softly undulating black turtleneck sweater. Evy Norlund's eyes were china blue, her skin a glowing alabaster in the night light, and her hair the sunspun yellow of cornsilk. I watched as the lovely Danish young lady lovingly watched her handsome young man.

Before there could be love, for Jimmy there had to be growth.

First Jimmy had to let there be feeling. Only then did the sun rise over his once darkened horizons—dark with the sad miscalculations of an impulsive teenage marriage, dark with burdens of guilt and confusion when the marriage brought despair instead of happiness. It was only after he learned to turn loose his emotions that he was able to let there be love.

Sal Mineo and Susan Kohner stepped in front of the cameras as Jimmy stepped away from them. We sat on a pile of lumber beyond the line of equipment, warmed ourselves with paper cups of coffee, and Jimmy talked about it—the marriage that *was* meant to be, his marriage to Evy. Evy, who had come to these shores as Miss Denmark, who had come into Jimmy's life as a contract player at Columbia. He talked easily, with the assurance of a surprisingly contained young man who had an inkling of what life was about. He talked with excitement and with *feeling*.

"Evy is so swell," his voice was quiet and full of well being. "She's

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By MARK DAYTON



ROMANTIC tree weaves its spell on lovebirds Jimmy Darren and Evy Norlund. Their marriage is imminent



His understanding of life has grown more in the last year than in all the years before. "It really began when I met Evy"

such a beautiful girl, such a genuine girl. When I'm with Evy I'm so relaxed, so comfortable. When you're in love you're so satisfied."

Jimmy recalled his first enthralled awareness of it when he did a screen test with Evy. They had met several months after his separation from his childhood sweetheart, Gloria. Knowing Evy, had opened up feelings that he never suspected he had, and he was really startled at the salutary effect on his functioning.

"My acting improved so much," he smiled, still incredulous, "that it was unbelievable. I used to hold back. I used to be afraid to show my emotions. When I did this scene with Evy, I felt I accomplished something as a human being. My back was to the camera all the time, and yet all the people recognized it. I was able to feel my emotions so strongly that I could express them even though 50 people were standing around watching."

Jimmy pulled his robe tight against the chill night air. The memory of that crucial test with Evy, and what it meant in terms of his growth as a person and as a performer, seemed to warm him more than the steaming coffee.

"I had to feel love in this scene," he explained. "Before I would have been inhibited. Out of that love I had to beg her not to commit suicide over another man. She felt she was not good enough for this man, and I was trying to convince her how wrong she was. I noticed all the people

around me, and for the first time in my life I was able to tell myself they didn't mean anything. Any other time I could never have conveyed the required love. But this time I was able to take what I felt for Evy and use it. I finally recognized love and saw what it was like to be in love. I felt rich inside."

It was so different from those years when Jimmy Darren, nee James Ercolani, felt empty inside, not rich. And Jimmy was able to talk about that, too—without flinching.

"I don't think I was really happy before," he faced up to it. "Oh, I may have been happy in a way as a teenager. Even then I had limitations. There wasn't much to make you happy then. You have a bunch of friends and good times. But that's just doing things. That's not really being happy, not really feeling. Everything should grow. I had to grow—to meet the demands of life, to become more of a human being. I feel fulfilled now whereas before I didn't."

A GROUP of adoring teenage girls came over and politely asked Jimmy for his autograph. He made sure to write each one's name as he signed for them. The interruption did not break the thread of his thoughts.

"So many people stay married unhappy." He shook his head at the futility of it. "They have terrible guilt feelings. They can't bring themselves to face life as it is. Life is so basic that often we don't understand it: It seems too easy

UNTIL he met Evy, Jimmy had not been truly happy. With her, he "finally recognized love and saw what it was like to be in love."





EVY, a former Miss Denmark, has china blue eyes and hair the color of cornsilk. Jimmy's next movie is "The Gene Krupa Story."

and we think it has to be complicated, not an easy thing." Jimmy spoke out of his own experience. There were doubts he had had to still before he was able to pick up the pieces and rebuild his own life.

"It's hard to do what's right when you have guilt feelings," he said earnestly. "Overcoming guilt is not easy, but it's so important. It was an unfortunate situation, but that was it. You have to forget about it."

He did not mean forget about it with callous indifference, but with an honest assessment of the damage being done to everyone caught up in it.

"Could you imagine me living in an unhappy home?" he posed the question squarely. "Can you imagine the effect of an unhappy home on a child, the unhappy life he would have? You can't fight a situation like that."

Jimmy had spent endless hours in soul searching—not only weighing his chances for happiness, but his wife's, and more importantly than either, the stake of his two-and-a-half year old son, James Darren, Jr. But he was able to resolve his problem without being haunted by guilt.

Jimmy showed neither rancor nor remorse. He conveyed the quiet conviction that they had chosen the most honorable and most hopeful—and perhaps the most difficult—of two courses open to them.

"As you know," he pointed out, "all too often when people have unfortunate marriages, one or the other may be inclined to seek solace elsewhere. That's something Gloria and I never could do. I feel, and so does Gloria, that that is real disrespect for marriage. We'd much rather have a

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LOVERS are planning to honeymoon in Evy's native Denmark. She's teaching him Danish while he's giving her lessons in Italian.



JIMMY insists he's become a better person, since knowing Evy, has finally grown up. He's no longer afraid to express emotions.

AUDREY HEPBURN

London Premiere

*For the debut of "The Nun's Story"
in Blighty, Audrey got all gussied
up, received a celebrated visitor*



MAKE-UP is carefully scrutinized by Audrey as she gets ready to attend the London opening of her latest movie.



HUSBAND Mel Ferrer adjusts Audrey's diamond tiara with deft precision while she applies a few finishing touches.



A TOAST is offered by Mel to the success of "The Nun's Story," already a big hit in the U.S.

photos by Sanford H. Roth, Rapho Guillumette



A GUEST, Sir Laurence Olivier, drops in to join the Ferrers, and Mel, always the perfectionist, straightens out his pocket hanky.

END



Why Edd Byrnes shuns love

*His life is so frenetic today that
Edd knows he could give
only a small part of himself to any girl and
in love that would not be enough*

By JIM COOPER

FOR A FELLOW who often lets his emotions rule him, Edd Byrnes is a pretty cool man about love. Straight-faced, with only a hint of a twinkle in his eye, Edd made it plain that girls rate high, but not *too* high, on his list of "Things I Want For My Life." No matter what you hear, he's not ready to fall in love. If that sounds tragic, it's not; it's just Edd. Girls play a big part in his life, but not the most important part. He wants to meet *the* girl, but not just yet; he'd like to fall in love, but not for at least five years.

"I just can't bear to choose one girl," he grinned, "because there's always a prettier one around the corner."

Why, then, does he borrow a line from an old song and sigh, "Has anybody seen my girl?" Is he simply resorting to the typical Hollywood bachelor's plaint: "I'd like to settle down, but where do I find my mate?" Or is his merely a kind of Edd Byrnes-Kookie double-talk?

It's both—and it's neither. Edd does pretend that love is not in his immediate future. He won't really go steady, because "I tried it once, at 16, and that was enough." And he's still too much in a hurry, too ambitious to make it big, *big*, BIG, to tie himself down with a wife and family.

But deep in his heart—in the real hopes and dreams of this boy from a bleak cold water flat in New York—there is the genuine longing for one girl to come home to. Breakfast alone, with a cup of muddy coffee, and a piece of ice-cold toast taken on the fly is, Edd knows, strictly for the birds. An empty house, even if it is his handsome new place in Coldwater Canyon which he just bought, echoes hollowly to a lone man's footsteps. All the glorious hi-fi music in the world becomes, in certain moods, just so much noise when there's no one to share it. And though that ever-ringing phone can be fun for a while ("The oftener the phone rings, the more I want to stay single," he quipped), there comes a day—or a night—when, instead of a different dinner companion every evening, a man wants just *one* woman saying, "Honey, your dinner's on the table."

All this Edd knows, and knows well, but he is still

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DATE with Arlene Howell is fun but Edd is not looking to get serious with anyone until he's 30. Meantime, he plays the field.



CHARM is turned on by Edd as he and Arlene jog around bridle path in L.A. Edd also dates Asa Maynor, Kathy Nolan and others.



EDD'S smile is a wonderful one that lights up his face frequently—as when he spots horse he'll ride.

curiously afraid to admit it, except to himself. He'd rather parry all talk of serious romance, argue that as a lover boy, he's much better at parking cars, or deny that he knows anything at all about winning a girl's heart. That's his story, and he insists that he's stuck with it. But when you dig beneath the surface breeziness, the protective armor he wears, the real Edd Byrnes is a sensitive, often lonely boy who learned too early to live by himself and now would like to share his life—if he only dared.

Some of this he implied, some I sensed, during a long, three-hour dinner we had together not long ago. The place was the Sportsmen's Lodge, a plush *caravanserai* in the San Fernando Valley where a diner, if he is so inclined, can actually catch and eat his own rainbow trout.

As I told Edd that, his grey-green eyes flickered at the thought that he was being ribbed. But when I assured him that there really were live trout in the pond outside, he laughed. "Hey," he said, "I'll have to try that some time, catching my own dinner. It sounds like fun. Anyway, there are still an awful lot of things in this town that I've got to try."

Edd had arrived at the Sportsmen's Lodge straight from the "77 Sunset Strip" set, still wearing his parking lot outfit:



"There are so many lovely girls around that a fellow just can't choose," is his happy problem

black slacks and a red parking attendant's shirt. On his face were traces of make-up, and he looked wan and a little beat. "Excuse my appearance," he apologized, "but I didn't have time to go home and change." But his strong sense of fun had not left him. His is not the back-slapping, "Hi ya, fellow" kind of humor; it is more subtle, more oblique. "You know," he said, chuckling, "as I walked in the front door here, some big shot called me over. He stuck his parking ticket in my hand and said, 'Here, boy, bring up my car. It's a white '59 Caddie—and make it snappy.'"

The memory of that encounter tickled Edd. "When I drive up to a place like this in my own car, I'm in trouble," he said. "Since I started doing Kookie, the attendants all know me, and I don't dare give them a quarter tip any more. It has to be 75 cents or a dollar—or they think I'm not upholding the traditions of the parking lot trade."

Edd's smile is a wonderful one that lights up his face at the most unexpected times. He does not talk much; he volunteers little, and to find out anything about him you virtually have to blast. I had met him before, and he was polite and pleasant, if not exactly loquacious. But this night he seemed more at ease. Though still warily on guard against questions

that might be too personal, he was at least willing to discuss a little of his life. He asked if he could have a glass of Bristol Cream sherry, then ordered a cup of ice-cold *vichy-soisse*, a tossed green salad, and the chef's special, Beef Stroganoff. As we ate he said suddenly, "You know—" (and he gestured with a nod of his head around the elegant dining room) "—this is quite a big change for a Yorkville boy. *Vichysoisse*, Beef Stroganoff—back in my East 78th street days in New York, I wouldn't have known how to pronounce it, let alone eat it."

He has learned a great deal, and he is still learning. Some, who judge him carelessly, have charged Edd with being cagey and super-cautious about his background. Others have dubbed him naive or even dumb. One man who has worked with Edd said, "I asked him once if he had a business manager to look after his earnings. 'No, I haven't,' said Edd. 'I wouldn't know how to pick one.' Now really, how wide-eyed can you be?"

But if Edd seems naive or innocent, or even, at times, a bit of a noodle, it is only a kind of protective coloration. There is nothing of the dullard in the real Edd Byrnes. He is smart enough to know that there may come a day when

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A TOAST is proposed by Edd to their success in show business. Until he feels sure of himself and his career, Edd will go it alone.

CONNIE FRANCIS

Connie's Capers

An amusement park in her native New Jersey is the setting for an evening of fun when Connie steps out with a beau



JUKE BOX is primed by Connie's date, Jerry Granahan, who chose Connie's latest hit record, "You're Gonna Miss Me." A wise boy.

A BUSS is planted firmly on Miss Francis' cheek by young Mr. Granahan. Connie recently returned from a singing tour of U.S. bases overseas.



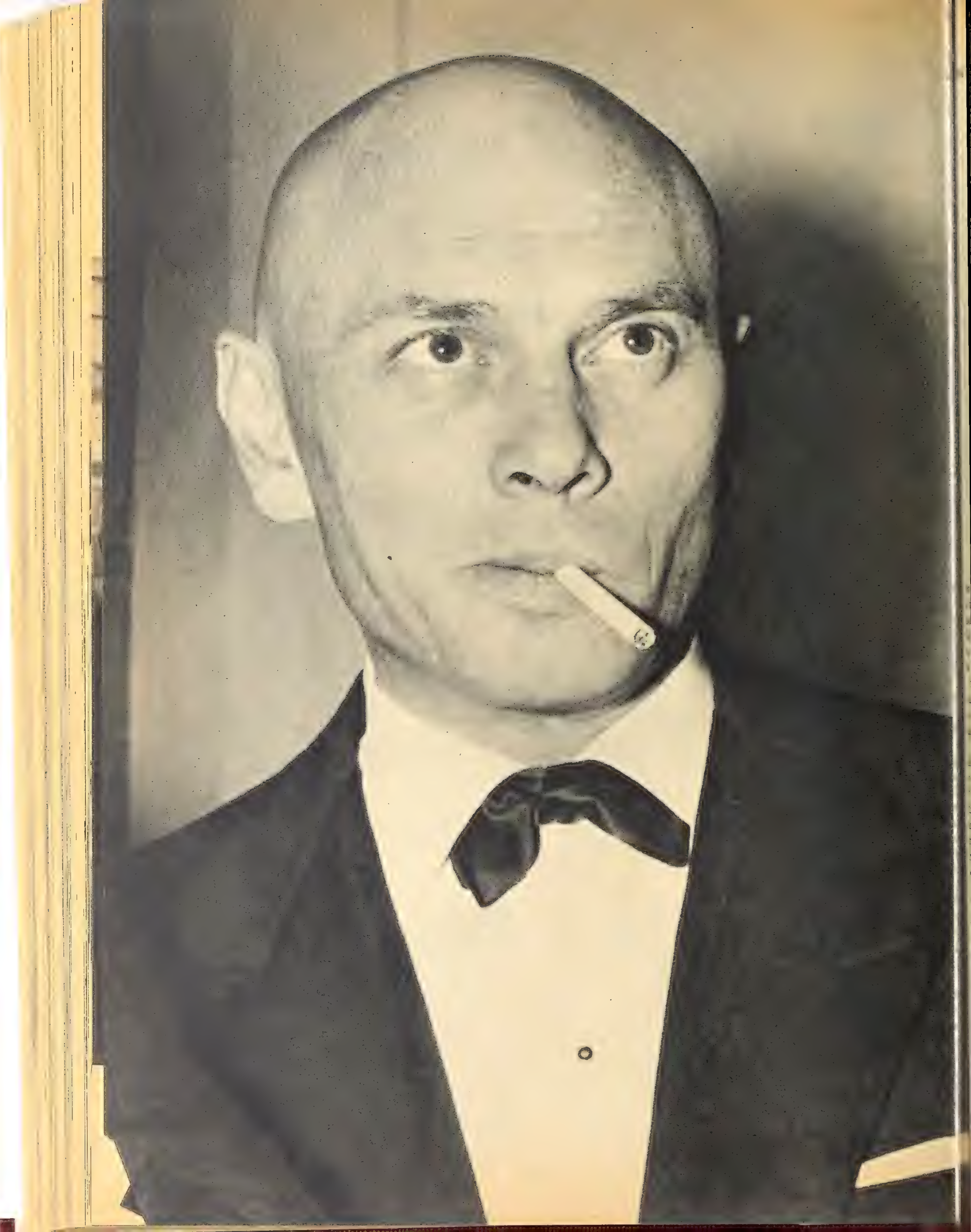


DART GAME know-how is imparted by Jerry to a mildly skeptical Connie. Later Connie had her sketch drawn, ate gobs of cotton candy.

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



BUMP CAR is given a whirl around the floor by Connie as Jerry lends a hand. Connie's signed for several TV appearances. **END**



The last separation?

Tottering in recent years, Yul's marriage to Virginia Gilmore seems to be finally headed for the divorce courts

FOR YEARS THE fascinatingly mysterious Yul Brynner has kept his private life just that—private. He maintained a fierce code of silence concerning his married life to the charming, blonde former stage and screen actress, Virginia Gilmore. And he was just as adamant in forbidding Virginia to discuss him or their son Yul, Jr., with the press or even to be photographed in their home.

So when columnists insisted in late summer that the marriage of the Brynners was over and that Yul will probably seek a divorce in Switzerland, naturally no comment was forthcoming from the publicity-shy Mr. Brynner.

Earlier there was a report that the bald-domed actor had slipped into Mexico incognito to obtain a divorce so that he could marry his new love—22-year-old beautiful brunette New York model Doris Kleiner. Obviously, there was no truth in this strange rumor. Yul, who had co-starred with Kay Kendall in "Once More With Feeling" in Paris, and had recovered from a serious eye operation, is currently living in Lausanne, Switzerland, although he leaves soon for Greece and England where he is scheduled to star in "Winter Crossing."

But there is truth in the report that once again Yul and Virginia have separated and she is living in New York with their 12-year-old son, nicknamed Rocky because of his sturdy build. The boy was sent alone to visit his dad in Paris last summer but Virginia has not seen her husband since he left for Europe a year ago.

"The Brynners," a friend reported, "have parted many times before when Yul, who apparently exerts a fatal fascination for women, has found himself momentarily beguiled. Even so worldly a woman as Ingrid Bergman, according to set workers on 'Anastasia' in Paris, reportedly fell under Yul's hypnotic spell while her marriage to Rossellini was crumbling. But always Yul returns to his wife, realizing that though there are many other fascinating young females in the world, Virginia is best for him."

Hollywood hopes a tragic parting will be averted but this time, unfortunately, the handwriting on the wall points to the

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MARRIED since 1943, the Yul Brynners are now living apart and separation papers have been drawn up by Virginia's lawyers.

By HELEN HENDRICKS

FRESH AIR SUPPLY - KEEP CLEAR



The fact that Shirley stuck her wad of chewing gum behind Frank Sinatra's ear doesn't make her a beatnik, but it does suggest she may be just a

little bit kooky

By JOHN MAYNARD



ON THE SET of "Career," Shirley relaxes with script (left), later receives some directions from producer Hal Wallis (above).

HOLLYWOOD, which suffers from prose lassitude of a sort, has determined in the past year or so that its brightest current property, Shirley MacLaine, is, if not beatnik, at least kooky. Kooky means very far out indeed, which in turn means kooky, and it all seems to suggest that Miss MacLaine would wear a beard if she could grow one. The matter is not even helped by her true last name, which if pronounced correctly could be made into Beaty-nik.

This too-easy identification distresses the lady; not terribly, but some. Though she herself has said, "I'm so far out, I'm in," she means something by it. She means, and she says, that she is embarrassed by professional eccentrics, whose motives she distrusts and whose eccentricities, alleged, she does not believe in.

"I don't work at it," she said not long ago. "If I'm a little bit kooky, it's because I am. Everything I do seems all right to me or at least no one in a white coat's going to get me."

This was at lunch. Miss MacLaine was making "Can-Can" for 20th Century-Fox, a picture she thinks may be finished some time, but this was last summer and they were still going to be shooting in November.

She took an exhausted looking piece of gum from her mouth, wrapped it carefully in a paper napkin, and forbade the waitress to take it. "I like old gum," she said. "New tastes funny. I'll save it for after I eat."

"And you're not far out?" said a companion.

"Not really," she said. "What's far out about old gum? Most gum is old."

But this piece of gum had a history more elaborate than most. It had spent a part of the morning behind Frank Sinatra's ear. Very few wads of gum can say that. Miss MacL., who chews gum habitually, is starred opposite Sinatra in this picture whose name already has been mentioned. For a scene she had to remove it and couldn't find a place to stash it away for future use. So she put it behind Frank's ear. Well, of course. Then he forgot about it and the next scene was a closeup featuring in part the back of Sinatra's head and there he was, complete with gum. *That* take went for nothing.

"It was the closest ear there was," said Miss MacLaine

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now, defensively. "You wouldn't want me to put it on the floor, would you?"

"The word persists," said her table companion, "that you are in orbit."

"You know me. Would you say I was?"

The answer is not easy. It depends to some extent on what one means by orbit. Shirley MacLaine is, in the most attractive sense of the word, funny-looking. She is remarkably lovely and she has a clown's face. It is about as facile as a face can be. Persons who saw her in both "Some Came Running" and "Ask Any Girl" know about this. It is part of her brilliant versatility as an actress, who cannot be feazed by either comedy or pathos. When "Can-Can" is released in the spring, they will meet yet another edition of the girl. Part of her special quality, which is as hard to define in words or by still camera as the face of Audrey Hepburn, is due to the fact that she seldom parts her lips when she smiles. This gives her a look at once smug and elfin. The smile is characteristic and not a practiced grimace due to irregular teeth or anything of that nature. She may understand that it goes well with her social personality; she is an astute judge of herself as an actress. Another inseparable part of her is her short, careless hair-do, apparently derived vaguely from a style once called the Italian cut. So closely is she linked with this that a friend meeting her on the sidelines of the sound stage of

"Can-Can" did not recognize her; she wore a long blonde wig.

Those who know her know she does not drink—"coals to Newcastle," one has said—yet at a Hollywood party for which she performed, she was suspected in print of having tipped a few. Hollywood does not always recognize natural exuberance.

This same abstinence sometimes sets her apart at drinking parties, where she will dutifully greet her host and hostess on arriving, then depart the main room to spend the evening at gin rummy—sometimes with the host and hostess. Once during one of her rare night club excursions, she felt an uncontrollable urge at three in the morning to go home and clean her house. She did so.

She professes a deep regard for sleep, yet says in the next breath that she rarely gets more than four hours a night. When working, she gets to bed about two and gets up at six. But it is in the waking minutes that her fondness for rest gets its strongest hold.

"Some day," she has said darkly, "I'm going to be out of the house and on my way to work two minutes after I get up. It's my great challenge."

"Ever done it?"

"I'm working up to it. Three minutes and forty seconds is my record so far."

It is no mean record, and made possible by the circumstance that she never eats breakfast. Some days she doesn't

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CLOWNING between scenes of her picture, "Career," Shirley and co-star Dean Martin get involved in some high-jinks in a bathtub.



don't think I am a character," says Shirley



SHIRLEY distrusts professional eccentrics, insists whatever she does comes naturally and has nothing to do with being beatnik.



VERSATILE Shirley can convey both comedy and pathos equally well. After "Career," she stars in "Can-Can" with Frank Sinatra.



photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

The truth about Jim

*With no love for work, Jim was
a flop both as a student
and farmer, but he had one great knack:
the ability to make people happy*

By NANCY ANDERSON

WHEN JIM GARNER was a boy in Norman, Okla., he never had much ambition. About all he wanted to be was a millionaire, and his chances of becoming one were slim.

If you go to Norman now and ask a couple of questions of the general public, you'll get the same answers from almost everybody.

To the first question . . . did you know James Garner when he was growing up here? . . . the answer is generally, "yes", with the occasional variation, "Sure, I'm kin to him." Because Jim is kin to a large percentage of the 10,000 persons who populated Norman before the Korean War.

The town now has grown to 40,000 and is full of strangers, but, during Jim's youth, cousins were on every corner. An uncle was city manager. Another was on the city commission. An aunt was the second grade teacher. Jim's grandparents, on both sides of the family, were among the pioneer settlers of Oklahoma Territory, and his father operated a little country store nine miles out of town by his grandfather's farm.

To the second question about Jim . . . what did you think of him? . . . you'll invariably get, "Well, I never thought he'd amount to much, but I've never seen a boy people liked better."

James himself has observed, "I was mighty slow growing up," and his fellow townsmen consider this an understatement. He had no idea what he wanted to do, except get rich; he disliked work, and he just plain didn't do any more than was absolutely necessary.

On the other hand, nobody pushed him too hard to get him to work. People just couldn't get mad at the boy. He was too good-natured, too friendly, and too captivatingly charming.

Jim's Aunt Leone took the place of his own mother, who died when he was quite small. Jim and his brothers, Jack and Charles, began to live a great deal of the time with uncles and aunts, and Jim, the youngest of the three, moved in with his Uncle John and Aunt Leone.

"Maybe I did kind of spoil him," Aunt Leone conceded, "but it was easy to do. He was such a loveable sort of boy and, after all, his own mother was dead."

"My daughter, Helen, said to me the other day, 'Mamma, you used to whip us good, but you never laid a hand on James. Why was that?'"

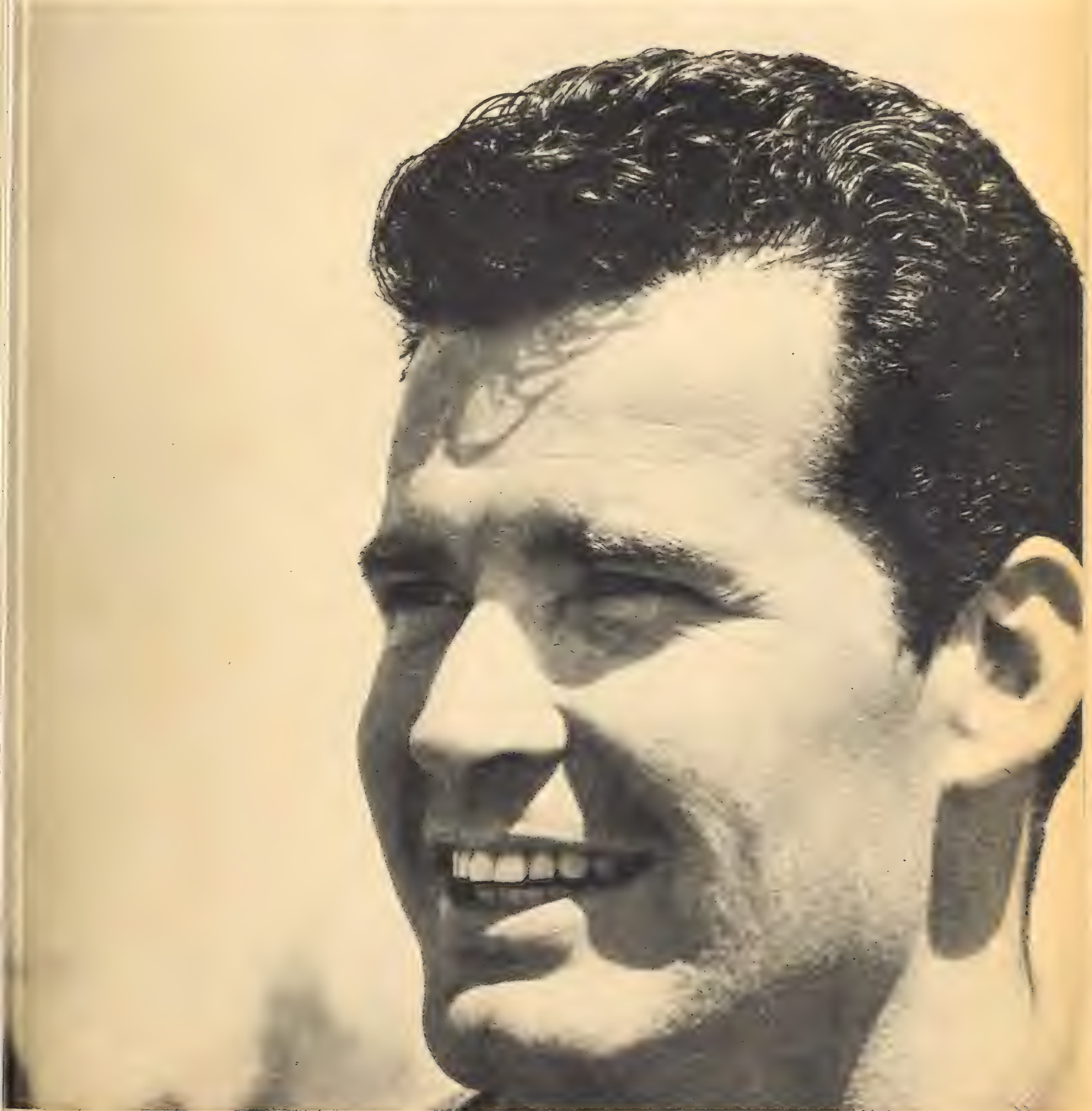
"I told her, 'I whipped you and not James because I was your own mother.' My children may have thought that I was a monster, but at least I was their own monster. Jim

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JIM'S townfolk in Norman, Okla., liked him but few thought he'd amount to much. He's pretty popular with daughter Kimberly.

Garner's youth



AS A BOY Jim had no idea what he wanted except to get rich. But he disliked work, never did any more than was really necessary.

No one is more pleased with Jim's success than his friends and relations in Norman, Okla., who want to share him with the world

didn't have anybody of his very own . . . no mother, that is!"

But Uncle John wasn't quite so sparing of the rod. He claims that he probably gave Jim the only spanking he ever got in his life.

"The girls," he explains, "had to wash the dishes every night after supper, and they kept complaining it wasn't fair . . . that Jim ought to do something.

"So I told him to dry the dishes. He was mad anyway and didn't do it."

At this point, Aunt Leone interrupted.

"He was mad because we'd had turnips for supper, wasn't he?" she asked. "James never did like vegetables, just meat and potatoes and bread, and I believe that was the night he was mad because I tried to make him eat turnips."

"Well, yes," Uncle John agreed, "we did try to balance his diet, but the real trouble was that he wouldn't dry the dishes. Finally, I lost patience and whipped him. I think that's the only time anybody ever did."

Uncle John, with six children of his own, was a man of remarkable patience with all the youngsters and took great pride in their accomplishments.

"Jim's accomplishment was shooting," he said. "When he wasn't more than six years old, I took him dove hunting."

Uncle John recalls the occasion.

It was a chilly, gusty afternoon with soggy clouds overlaying the sun. Jim and Uncle John stood in a field, ready for the great male adventure. . . hunting.

"You're going to let me shoot? Really?" Jim wanted to know impatiently, eyeing his uncle's gun.

"That's right," Uncle John said. "Just stand here quietly, and in a minute you can try."

The uncle hefted the gun to his shoulder and sighted experimentally along the muzzle.

"Now, Jim," he said, "you look right the way I'm pointing, and when you see the bird fly between the corner of the barn and the fence post you fire."

"I had him," Uncle John recounts, "out where he couldn't hurt anything no matter what he hit. I had no idea he'd hit a dove. But, you know, with the first shot he got one. And it wasn't luck, either. He was just a natural with a gun. He always shot that way."

In other departments, though, Jim was no great shakes.

"He never cared a thing about school," Uncle John recalls. "He was a smart boy but lazy. In high school, he'd go to sleep in classes. But he was a good athlete."

Aunt Leone shakes her head and smiles, remembering Jim as a child.

"I don't think he had any trouble in school," she says.

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ON STEPS of Norman City Hall, Jim receives plaque honoring him as outstanding citizen. His grandparents were Oklahoma pioneers.





RECALLING old times, Jim enjoys a laugh with father, Bill, and brother, Charlie. Jim's new movie is Warners' "Cash McCall."

HAIRCUT is kibitzed by brother Charlie (in checked shirt) in local barbershop. No one in Norman envies Jim his success.



SUNNY Jim pays a visit to his sister-in-law and her children. His ABC-TV show, "Maverick," remains on top of the ratings.

ANNETTE'S Afternoon date



RECORDS to play on Annette's hi-fi are inspected by Tim. Later they enjoy a gab session on phone (below).



Entertaining handsome Tim Considine at home is more fun than anything when there's so much one can do



A DUNK in her swimming pool appears imminent and Annette's French poodle doesn't like it one bit. Tim was only kidding.

HAPPY? Why shouldn't she be? Tim's there and Fabian is singing—on the phonograph.



END



photos by Curt Gunther, Topix

Bobby Darin's escape from poverty

"I want to be somebody. I want to get out of here," Bobby wished as a child of the slums. Today his dreams have been fulfilled

"WHAT DID I WANT most while I was growing up in poverty?" Bobby Darin, sunning beside the pool of his Hollywood hotel, half closed his eyes and took a long, thoughtful look back into his not so distant past.

Suddenly an icy fire darted like blue lightning from those restless, searching eyes of his—and just as quickly disappeared.

"What I wanted most of all while I was growing up in poverty," the rage of the rhythm singing set murmured with well-controlled intensity, "was—to get out of it!"

For a moment you got the impression that no single desire had eclipsed that great driving surge of yearning to escape the overall desert of poverty as Bobby knew it.

And then this came pouring out: "I wanted to have some identity. I wanted a house with a yard and a vegetable patch." Now his voice grew quietly defiant. "And a fence!"

His next words, too, came softly. "I'm glad to say I could get that house and have my mom in it before she passed away.

"Maybe it's an awful house," he was veering toward the defensive again, "but it's a first, and I like firsts."

Half of what Bobby had said seemed to carry a charge of special significance.

Specifically, it was a *house*, not a *home*; he had lacked and wanted. Obviously, no matter how poor and cramped the family quarters were, his wonderful mother had made them a home.

And then the fence. What about that? Bobby grinned as he elaborated on the fence he used to dream about.

"I didn't want a big fence," he protested. "Only a little one." He measured with his hand scarcely a foot off the ground—about the height of a psychological fence! "Just to let people know they've got to step over it," he explained. "That I was over there on the *other* side of it."

Over there on the other side of that fence he's well able to afford today is a 22-year-old boy, Manhattan-born, brought up in the Bronx. A boy whose father died five months before Bobby was born . . . A boy of Italian and English ancestry . . . A boy who had rheumatic fever when he was seven years old . . . Again when he was eight . . . nine . . . ten.

But Bobby is a boy who defies statistics, either cut and dried or dramatic. He insists on being his own highly individual self—

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KIDS clap hands as Bobby strums his hit record, "Mack The Knife." Poverty and illness were his lot when a kid.

"I have yet to find any place I belong except on a stage."



A SUCCESS as a recording and TV personality, Bobby's now about to make a movie. He started his career in his high school band.

BOBBY can well afford to buy clothes now, but considers money less important to him than being accepted as a creative person.

and never mind about pigeonholing him in this category or that one merely because, according to statistics, he belongs here or there.

"I remember one day," he said, "when a bunch of us kids in my neighborhood were talking and I said, 'I want to be somebody. I want to get out of here.'"

"The kids set me down with some tired old cracks in the 'good enough for my father, good enough for me' groove. This was the kind of street where I belonged, they said. Where I was born and my father was born. This was the street where I'd stay. I'd never, never leave.

"I don't remember what I told them at the time, but they got my final answer a few years later."

"What was that?" I asked.

"I left!" Bobby replied, his blue eyes glinting gleefully this time as he recalled it.

Try to soothe Bobby with a comforting reminder that poverty is no sin and he'll come right back at you with a quick, "The hell it isn't!"

But, he hastily adds, though poverty may be a sin, the poor are not sinners.

"If you live with poverty 21 years, as I did, it becomes part of you," he declared. "Just the same, I'd like to see everybody experience poverty at some time or other. But I wouldn't want to see anyone *stay* in it.

I LOVE the poor. There's something beautiful about them. They don't have to worry about 'shading.' No pretense. No covering up. But poverty that goes on and on indefinitely, that's the kind that breeds ignorance. It's bad.

"Until I got to high school," Bobby went on, "I thought a guy with money was somebody who owned a TV set!"

"By the time I graduated from the High School of Science in New York—it's the best—I'd met a lot of bright, upper middle-class kids whose fathers were doctors, lawyers, engineers and professional people like that.



I must perform. Maybe it all started with my desire to be different," says Bobby looking back



REHEARSING with Jimmy Durante for a TV appearance, Bobby can't suppress his mirth. A born performer, he thrives in the spotlight.

"I didn't get along too well with them, but it didn't matter," he shrugged. "Mom had said, 'Watch people, but don't get involved with them 'til you know what you want.' So I became an observer—a pretty active one—and learned to be an 'adapter.' That's what I call myself because I'll go the temporary route of whatever situation I'm in."

"Mom also used to tell me I was a man and simply because of that I could be a boss. So that's how it was. I got to be a leader, but only in my faction. I couldn't have cared less about being an overall leader. I never wanted to get tied up with the general picture, because, I suppose, I always preferred to identify myself with the minority."

"Partly, at least, that was because I couldn't play ball or take part in any sports on account of the rheumatic fever I'd had as a child. This turned out to be an advantage. By being an observer I could see the whole game, not only my part in it, as would be the case if I were playing."

It was the same story for Bobby with every phase of life in which he played his role of spectator and active observer rather than participant in the fullest sense.

Songwriter and arranger, when the time came, he wrote his own hit tunes—"Dream Lover" and "Splish Splash" among others. Observer though he may be, essentially Bobby is also

a born performer. He thrives his natural best in the spotlight the fans have focused on him.

"I have yet to find any place I belong except on a stage," is the way he put it. "I must perform. Maybe it all started with my desire to be different. The problem there was that I had no means—no money, that is—to carry out my desire."

"I couldn't buy anything that would make me stand out and be different from anybody else. That left it up to me to do something the others couldn't do."

"The way I did it was to start out as a drummer in school. I actually faked my way into starting a band with that drum. It wasn't too hard because I was the only drummer in the school—and you can't have a band without a drum. Anyhow, I got a job playing the summer circuit at 15. It was a start—a first—and you know how I feel about firsts."

"Another thing I always wanted to do was to play the piano. We had none in our house, of course, but there was one in the school lunch room. I remember how I used to one-finger it—and dream."

The piano-playing dream came true with all the rest. Guitar, vibes and bass are other instruments Bobby added to his early musical accomplishments that led him not only to a performer's career, but to creating distinctive, bright arrange-

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MOTHER, Mrs. Aileen Weld, doesn't always have last word with Tuesday who craves independence.

TUESDAY WELD SAYS:

**"I feel
old inside**

A teenage femme fatale, Tuesday startled Hollywood by dating men more than twice her age; here are her own reasons for it

By AMY LEWIS

WHEN TUESDAY WELD, who celebrated her 16th birthday on August 27th, began to date 44-year-old, twice-divorced actor John Ireland, the film colony's collective eyebrows shot up to stratospheric heights. Particularly since John is the father of two sons, one a year and a day older than Tuesday, and the other 14. And when the junior grade *femme fatale* added bandleader Ray Anthony, in his late 30's, also twice divorced and the father of a son, to her long list of swains, Hollywood still remained puzzled and slightly shocked.

But doll-faced Tuesday, while calmly declaring that she hoped to land John Ireland as a guest on her "Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis" CBS-TV series, couldn't understand what all the shouting was about on the burning question of the loves of Tuesday Weld.

"I feel old inside," said young Tuesday with a sigh. "In fact," she continued with a soft childish smile, "I think I'm on my third reincarnation now—Lola Montez, the famous Spanish dancer and adventuress.

"People seem surprised that I find older men more interesting than boys my age. The truth is that I grew up a lot faster than most kids and my life has not been like that of the average girl—so why should I pretend it has? My dad passed away after a long illness when I was only three; that year I began modeling. My mother had a rough time trying to take care of my sister Sally, brother David and me. But it wasn't long before I assumed mature responsibilities and was supporting the whole family."

Tuesday ran her tapering fingers through her silver-gold tumbling curls. "Because I felt so emotionally mature and sophisticated," she continued, "it seemed natural to act older than my chronological age, and I began dating when I was only 10." (Tuesday, a vocabulary addict, tosses off such words as "chronological age" with the aplomb of a college graduate.) "So I'm long past the time when I can feel comfortable with kids my age. I've lived too long in a grownup world for that. Now and then I've tried dating boys my age or even a few years older. But," she giggled, "when I did, I never knew if I should offer to pay for the hamburgers or let him! Besides, I was bored because I wasn't learning anything."

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photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



TUESDAY, like Marilyn Monroe, loves to spend hours in front of a mirror studying her best features and applying make-up

DATES with older men such as Fabrizio Mioni are defended by Tuesday. "I know more about men than my classmates do"



a sophisticated body and a Little Red Riding Hood face, Tuesday is a Hollywood legend

At Hollywood Professional School, which Tuesday attends as a high school junior when she isn't being privately tutored at a studio school, she admits that she feels dreadfully old around teenage classmates who giggle, blush or squeal over boys. "I was the belle of my class because I've worked with their idol—Ricky Nelson," says Tuesday. "And because I've dated for six years I naturally know a lot more about men and boys than my classmates. That's why I often feel old inside . . . you know, as if I were 20 or even 25."

This child-woman, who likes to think of herself as "an old soul" in her third or fourth reincarnation, is fast becoming a Hollywood legend. She's an unfinished person who is as intriguing as an unfinished crossword puzzle.

She's also well aware of the power of publicity. Susan Ker Weld (her real name) would have meant little in a town filled with far more beautiful teenagers. But Tuesday, as a given name, would immediately elicit attention. And it did.

"Tuesday," commented a film executive, "has a drive and an ambition that are frightening in a youngster. 'I know that I've got what it takes to become a top film star,' she told me, 'and nothing is ever going to stop me from reaching that goal.' And the way she narrows her hazel eyes, looks you full in the face and forgets her kittenish ways momentarily, tells you that she means every word of it.

"She ferrets out parts and goes after them. Between segments of 'Dobie Gillis,' she did a small role in 'The Private Lives Of Adam And Eve' with Mickey Rooney, and she's currently doing another small role in 'Because They're Young' with Dick Clark.

"Don't believe all that talk about Tuesday being the wildest baby beatnik queen in town. Most of it is Tuesday's mistaken attempts to get her name in the papers. She works every minute of the day and every day of the week on her career. No publicity chore is too small; she's most cooperative. In fact, she recently hired her own press agent. Tuesday told me that she likes working so much that, at the age of 10, she decided she preferred a professional life to what she called 'childish pleasures,' such as playing with dolls."

Last spring at a cocktail party for the press, the blonde, hazel-eyed Tuesday, looking like a junior grade Marilyn Monroe, acted as her own press agent when she smilingly approached reporter after reporter with a lady-like "I'm Tuesday Weld and I'm happy to know you." A poised child-woman, with an aware, horizontal sexy walk, a style and personality peculiarly her own, she appeared amazingly more self-sufficient than her admitted 15 years.

"I WENT through the awkward age years ago—between 9 and 11," explained Tuesday. "I suppose the reason I seem so much older than I am is that when I worked as a model, Broadway and TV actress in New York—I did more than 40 TV dramatic shows—I made and managed all my own appointments, went all over alone and felt able to take care of myself. I'd have to pose maybe in Connecticut and then rush down to a photography location in New Jersey.

"But now, suddenly, in Hollywood I find myself treated like a little girl with someone standing by to do everything for me. It seems so strange after my independent life in the East. Here there's a welfare worker on the set, a private teacher, too. Mother must be with me; it's a state law. I'm an independent character, can't even bear to have my mother watch me act or sit in on auditions. I like to be alone—to rely on myself. Acting is like play to me. I love it; it never seems like work."

It appears that the girl with the sophisticated body and
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RIDING a bicycle around studio, Tuesday sheds her worldliness. Tuesday's with Dick Clark in movie, "Because They're Young."

A "first" for Fabian

*Having conquered the world of
rock 'n' roll, fabulous Fabe headed west
to debut in a movie, "Hound Dog Man"*



RUBDOWN on set of "Hound Dog Man" is enjoyed by Fabian who finds movie-making to his liking.



VORACIOUS appetite is demonstrated by Fabian at luncheon break, orders "doubles" on everything.

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

HANDSOME Fabian turned out to be a natural actor whose poise and easy manner won compliments. **END**



let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by JIMMY DEAN, CBS-TV star

PROBABLY the coolest of the cool school, the **Cecil Taylor Quartet** is currently heard on a Contemporary LP, "Looking Ahead." The Taylor piano spearheads a definitely *avant garde* approach to the subject of jazz. The numbers—six in all—are original (highly) compositions with much counterpoint and very little melody but still quite interesting. . . . **Roy Hamilton** possesses one of the really big voices in the music business and it was never bigger or better than in his Epic album, "Have Blues, Must Travel." Roy belts his way through such indigo classics as "Sophisticated Lady," "Solitude" and "Stormy Weather." It's the blues, man, the blues. . . . What could be a better combination than **Jimmie Rodgers** and a batch of Western ballads? We can't think of any, off hand. Jimmie does a superlative job of recreating the Old West in his latest Roulette album, "Twilight On The Trail." "Cool Water," "Oh Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie," "The Last Roundup"—you can smell the sagebrush as the Rodgers vocal magic casts its spell.

M-G-M has issued a posthumous pairing of **Billie Holiday's** soul-searing renditions of "Don't Worry 'Bout Me" and "Just One More Chance." The dual offering is another indication of how much Billie will be missed from the musical scene. When Billie died, the unique Holiday style went with her. The fact that we still have records such as this is a small consolation, at least. . . . **Tommy Sands**, who has been bowling 'em over in night club engagements, shows why on his latest Capitol offering, "That's The Way I Am" and "I'll Be Seeing You." Tommy turns the standard "Seeing You" into his own personal property and does just about as good a job on the flip side. . . . A human cannonball, name of **Ronnie Hawkins**, has an album on the Roulette label, bearing his name as its title, that takes off like a jet and heads straight for outer space. Ronnie wears rock'n'roll like a glove. Accompanied by the Hawks,

Ronnie has a voice that embodies all the good points of rhythm and blues. A big chunk of the R 'n' R numbers in the album were written by Hawkins, which adds another gold star to his report card. . . . The light touch typifies blind Scottish pianist **Joe Saye's** keyboard style. And it's found in abundance in the Mercury album "A Double Shot Of Joe Saye." Joe, with a small group that includes flute and guitar, runs through both standards and original compositions which are very Scottish in flavor. Among the standards covered are "Younger Than Springtime," "No Two People" and "Let's Call The Whole Thing off." . . . Red-hot **Della Reese**, now performing under the Victor banner, has a super sales item in a 45er pairing, "Don't You Know" and "Soldier, Won't You Marry Me." "Don't You Know" is a takeoff on a melody from "Der Rosenkavalier" while "Soldier" is a well-known folk song. In both cases, Della brings her own special brand of vocalisthenics into play. . . . One of the most refreshing albums to come along in a great while is Victor's "Just For Kicks" performed by **Bob Thompson**, his orchestra and chorus. The arrangements are wild and wonderful. The standards in this package never had it so good and that includes the likes of "Makin' Whoopee," "Bye Bye Blackbird" and "Mad About The Boy." . . . The new Victor album by the **Crew Cuts**, "The Crew Cuts Sing," is simply that, a fine old mixture of barber shop ballads with several songs of *The Twenties*. A nostalgic good time is had by all on such real old favorites as "My Gal Sal," "Sweet Adeline" and "Cruising Down The River."

Joni James, she of the many hit records, has a hit album in the offing—her new M-G-M etching, "Joni Swings Sweet." Joni picks up the beat on this one, but with aplomb, man. The tempo is up but not the blood pressure. Joni has things very much under control delivering gems such as "After You've Gone," "How About You" and "Too Mar-

velous For Words." . . . Neil Seda the talented youngster who composes plays the piano and sings, has two sides of the latter out on the Victor label. Neil's latest offerings are "Carol," and "One Way Ticket." Even in his tender years, Neil knows his way around a rock'n'roll tune—but good. . . . "Como Swings," the title of **Peter Como's** latest Victor LP is no misnomer. Como comes on like Peter Gunn. The World's Most Relaxed Singer can belt with the best of 'em. Witness Peter's treatment of "You've Come A Long Way From St. Louis" and "Route 66." . . . Mercury Records is guilty of no indiscretion in releasing **Patti Page's** album that name. Patti's handling of a batch of ballads is faultless. Patti comes pretty close to being peerless in this department. Catch her tasteful treatment of "It Depends On You" and "Lover Come Back To Me"—fine examples of the way too many songs *should* be sung. . . . One of the most listenable jazz recordings we've come across is the new Roulette album, "Try A Little Tenderness," played by **Tyner Glenn** with strings. The Glenn Trombone is the perfect vehicle for the swinging sound that the ballads cover call for. All of the numbers are in the vein of the title song.

For some time now, a new **Johnny Mathis** album has assured Columbia Records of hefty sales figures. His latest LP, "Heavenly," should be no exception to the rule. It's filled with the kind of ballad that Johnny has made his own special domain. The pace is easy, the delivery romantic, the net result more than satisfactory. . . . A jumpin' **Sarah Vaughan** is upon us! And why not? Her latest Mercury album, she's backed by the whole Count Basie band with the notable exception of the leader man, which explains the LP's title, "No Count Basie Sarah." It's a dynamic set, indeed, with the highpowered Basie organization supplying the fuse to set off a sizzling Sarah. . . . It doesn't make too much difference how you slice it; **Rosemary Clooney** is one of the country's top warblers. Any doubt exists in your mind, just check her M-G-M pairing, "I Wonder" and "For You." Rosie has a musical parlay that's a sure winner artistically and financially. . . . **Tommy Edwards** latest brace of ballads etched for M-G-M—"I Looked At Heaven" and "I've Been There," both have a similar theme that shouldn't stop anyone from latching onto a double portion of a good thing. . . . **Perez Prado** is just about undisputed king of the cha-cha and mambo music makers. So it's a real treat when Perez points his orchestra in a new direction. In his latest Victor album, "Pops A Prado," Perez puts the Afro-Cuban beat to work on a set of American standards. The results are unusually exciting and irresistibly danceable. You will really be surprised at what tunes you can go on two-cha-cha-cha to.

Hollywood Lowdown

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Rolls Royces—Carv Grant's CGI, Curtis' Sliver Cloud TC11, and Fred's FA111. . . . But Elizabeth Taylor selling hers, complete with monod crest ETT, for Elizabeth Taylor Husband Eddie Fisher was the nervous performer for his recent spectacular in England. But the afterwards were good. It's usually woman who pays. This time the man in terms of career. But up to now, says, "It's worth it."

With everyone establishing residence and, Robert Mitchum, who likes to be sent, has decided to make films in this try only. I'm not surprised after happened in Ireland when he starred "A Terrible Beauty." Robert had a time with some of the press people. . . . Jim "Maverick" Garner who resigned a new seven-year contract Warners, has been assured he will two-and-a-half million dollars by end of it. But Jim is hoping he will have to make "Mavericks" for more another year or two. . . . Joel McC turned down another million dollars for part of his Calabasas ranch, because, "The ranch is for my children." He not. Bing Crosby's strained relationship with his children, is proof that kids should make their own way in life, without the handicap of inherited wealth.

Fred Astaire gets \$100,000 every time "Evening With Fred Astaire" is renewed. Fred's biography will never be published. Neither will Clark Gable's. Clark periodically turns down \$100,000 or more for a national weekly magazine for the full rights to his life story. . . . Bill Orr, boss behind Warners' top TV shows "Cheyenne," "77 Sunset Strip," "Colt" and "Maverick," was known, in his early days as an actor here, for his impersonations—especially for his take-off of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. . . . Deborah Kerr almost worked herself into a breakdown, trying to finish "Beloved Infidel" at 20th Century-Fox, to get in a little time with the two daughters she has in London, before reporting to Australia for "The Sundowners." The dict on "Beloved Infidel" will be in by the time you read this. And for very personal reasons, I hope it's good.

Gina Lollobrigida described her toil in Hollywood with Frank Sinatra for "Never Few" as "like being in a huge factory." But she liked it, and promptly took for a month in London to perfect her English so that she can return to Hollywood for six months of filming every year. It's nice to write of someone coming to Hollywood, instead of leaving it.

Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani, who are both on the temperamental side, are even more so with each other during their recent filming in New York. . . . Which reminds me, Marlon's ex-bride Anna Kashfi, determined to keep her

former spouse to regular visiting hours with their son, actually, so I'm told, hired some guards, to make sure. Marlon used to pop in at all hours of the day and night. . . . Ava Gardner, the most restless girl in the world, is planning to buy a home in Puerto Rico, according to producer Lester Cowan who has offered Ava the job of co-producing any films she makes for him in that part of the world. She's now starring in "On The Beach."

When Princess Caroline, daughter of Her Grace, Princess Kelly Rainier, gets mad at Mama, she stamps her small foot and says reprovingly, "Grace!" The latter tells of the time she was in a New York taxi and the driver said to her, "Lady, you look a lot like Grace Kelly, only you're much prettier." . . . No one is betting that Frank Sinatra will marry his new discovery, Australian singer Diana Trask. . . . But Errol Flynn is expected to march to the altar with 17-year-old secretary-pal Beverly Aadland. . . . When Bing Crosby fathered a girl after all these years, Pat Boone, the father of four, or is it five, daughters, wired Der Bingle, "Welcome To The Club" . . . And Charles Chaplin, father of ten, hopes to make it a round dozen.

Paul Newman had some photographs taken with Joanne Woodward when he visited her during her filming with Marlon Brando. And when Marlon saw them later, he mused, "You know, I'm beginning to look like Paul," who was accused of aping Brando at the start of his acting career. . . . According to Audrey Hepburn, the more successful you be-

come, the more insecure you feel. It all depends on what Audrey means by success. If it's fame and money, then I agree with her. I've never met anyone with both who was completely happy. . . . When producer Al Zugsmith was asked about the costume worn by Mamie Van Doren in "The Private Lives Of Adam And Eve," he pulled out a small envelope, and out came Mamie's costume. As it turned out, it was just half of Mamie's costume.

Can it be true, that Danny Thomas will retire from TV by the end of 1960? That's the rumor in Hollywood. Funny thing about television. Everyone here fights to try to get on it, then the rugged pace causes everyone to try to get off it. This is true of Danny, Alan Young, Red Buttons, Jim Arness, Robert Young and most stars with a series. . . . But so far, Big Chuck Connors, the ex-first baseman, is batting 1000 with his TV show, "The Rifleman." "I was playing for The Angels, when I got a call from Metro to appear in a comedy. It was easy work and easy money. And I said to my wife, 'This filming business is for me.'" . . . Said Olivia de Havilland recently, "I wonder what makes Hollywood so deadly?" It could be this climate—you can have *too* much sunshine. But everyone comes back here to make a fast dollar. . . . Which reminds me, Marilyn Monroe's take from "Some Like It Hot" should bring her a cool two million dollars. But Mmmm would give it all, to have a baby. . . . There was a hideous story that Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes was on the verge of matrimony. Relax girls. "I don't have the time or the inclination for marriage," said Edd when last queried. . . . Rita Hayworth de-glamourized her glamorous self, to play a lady accused of murdering her husband, in "The Story On Page One." She'll surprise you. **END**



THE ALAN Ladds and son David at wedding of Alan Ladd, Jr., and Patricia Ann Beasley.

"My Husband, Roger Smith"

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reality so far as I'm concerned. He thinks people who marry ought to feel free to tell each other everything. Their thoughts, their actions, their dreams—yes, and their nightmares, too. And I agree with that. If you can't trust your mate with your secrets, how can you trust him—or her—with your life?

We've both changed an awful lot since our marriage, but by no means because we've tried to "reform" each other. I think the changes in us are just the spontaneous ones natural to two people in love who want to adapt themselves to each other—each finding the greatest happiness in bringing happiness to the other.

Since our marriage began, there is only one change I consciously set out to make in Roger. I've tried to make him tidier about a funny habit he had. He used to take off his shoes and put them on the coffee table when we watched television at night. Then he'd leave them there on the table all the next day or longer until somebody—meaning me, mostly—put them away in the closet.

Roger's big reform came without a word of argument when I staged a one-woman revolution. For a whole week I just quit putting the shoes away, and let them collect, pair after pair on the coffee table. I don't know if it was on account of the ridiculous lineup of footwear decorating our living room or the fact that Roger was running out of shoes in the bedroom, but suddenly he caught on, and quit the one habit he had that used to bother me.

Roger is such a sweet, thoughtful person in every way—big *and* little. For instance, once when I was dreaming out loud he heard me say that some day I'd like to have a white fox six feet long. Back in May, on the 25th to be exact, he gave me a birthday surprise of a six-foot white fox stole!

BUT furs aren't necessarily the only happy surprises he's given me. It may sound like a small thing to outsiders, but to me it's very important when Roger brings home a bunch of violets because he knows that I have a very special love for them.

Hardly anyone ever guesses Roger to be a person to get a kick out of gardening, but he has the greenest thumb I've ever seen. A few months ago he bought some type of rare tropical shade plant. The nursery man gave him all kinds of elaborate instructions on how to keep this fragile specimen alive. Roger came home, threw it in the ground—where it gets full sun—and it's growing beautifully. Except whenever I go out and look at it. Then that plant purposely wilts till I go back in the house, where I belong.

Roger didn't become particularly interested in gardening till after he started "77 Sunset Strip." Now he finds it's a

way to take his mind off his work, at least during weekends, which he also gives over partially to doing interviews, taking care of fan mail, signing autographs and answering letters. This after a five-day week of working eleven hours a day!

Get him out of the garden, and Roger likes skin diving, just plain diving, and swimming. Reading, too. We often read together, but separately, if you know what I mean. To each his own—book, magazine or paper. Every once in a while, however, one of us breaks in on the other, saying, "Just listen to this." The interrupted reader always listens politely, and almost always is disappointed in the little gem that was intended as a treat. Take them out of context, Roger explains, and some of the funniest incidents won't get a laugh, or the saddest story situations a sob.

Almost any kind of music is Roger's favorite kind, but he has a special feeling for the guitar, which is his instrument. That's what he plays in his album, "Beach Romance," while he sings what he calls his "beach songs" of various countries, in their original languages—Spanish Haitian, Hawaiian, plus the assorted English of Calypso and American lyrics.

COME morning, and Roger wakes up slowly. I guess that's the only thing he is slow about. He's even quick about noticing women's clothes—if I'm in them. I know he has no liking for fussy things and prefers sports clothes for me. But he doesn't make a big thing of talking about what I ought to wear. Instead, he's pretty apt to limit his remarks about what I have on to something in the nature of, "I like the other one best." The look that goes with the comment is what counts.

Roger is a helpful husband—and I hope I'm a helpful wife—in learning lines and working on roles. We're so critical and honest with each other that sometimes it hurts. But we get over the hurt, and what remains from the incident is a better performance.

While I was making "The Crimson Kimono," Roger was cuing me in my lines for a love scene one evening when all of a sudden he stopped me and said, "There's not enough buildup to this scene. Nobody's going to believe that you and Glen Corbett are really in love."

We gave it a pro and con going over for a while and it didn't take me long to accept Roger's opinion. Next day at the studio I told Sammy Fuller, who directed "The Crimson Kimono," what Roger had said. He agreed completely and when Glen and I finally did the scene for the picture it was with the added buildup that my husband had suggested.

Roger is wonderful about helping to discipline the babies. But he leaves the broken-record no-no, mustn't-touch and similar routines all up to me, keeping



ROGER goes for almost any kind of music, but he prefers the guitar as an instrument.

himself for special occasion discipline.

This is just as well because he's a pushover for Tracey's tricks. She's only a little over two but is expert at handling Daddy. Jordan, who was born a year before, doesn't play the angles—yet.

Where Roger scores in keeping the children in line is with his voice. He opens those deep tones and believe me he gets your attention, though not necessarily planned results.

Jordan is still too young to notice things, but Tracey is very anti-Day-Saving Time. Last summer when her bedtime (it was about seven o'clock) came around and the sun was still shining on the side, she didn't like it a bit.

One night she was more rebellious than usual when I put her to bed with the shades drawn (ever-hopeful me!) against the bright sun. I tucked her in and she toed out of the room.

Half a minute later she called me back. I kissed her goodnight again and tipped her out for the second time. Another 30 seconds and she was vocalizing some protest at the injustice of it all. This went on till Roger decided it was time for the head of the family to take over.

He walked into her room with a heavy step and boomed a deep, forbidding "Tracey!" at her. She was startled into silence for a second.

Then, being a girl, even at the age of two she probably knows instinctively that men are patsys for a wistful smile accompanied by a look of helpless feminine appeal. She turned on the whole works, held out her little arms trustingly and pleaded "Daddee, uppee!"

So Daddy the Disciplinarian scooped her up in his arms and let her join the grownups. That ended the day's discipline for Tracey.

And that's my husband. Or part of him anyway. How can I possibly sum Roger up except by simply saying—I just love him—that's all.

Escape From Poverty

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for quite a number of other singers as himself.

Rock 'n' roll is only one facet of Bobby's musical personality. He can give swing treatment to standard ballads and swing items, too, as he proves again on his new album for Atco, "Bobby: That's All."

Tall, trim 155-pounder, Bobby is draining his bank account with fees for TV and personal appearances that leave no doubt about his pulling power as a former and an all-around personality who is sure to take on his next entertainment assignment soon—a motion picture debut.

Though Bobby digs success, he's not just going for gold despite his early years of feeling its lack so keenly.

"I wouldn't trade my mind for all the money in the world," he declared. "Naturally, I like knowing I'm a success, but I'll never want to 'feel successful.'"

HEARING Bobby say those words, about "feeling successful," you can't help feeling that for many a year he must have lived under the sting of other people's success, an all too common accompaniment to success.

"Sure," he went on, "success is riches—but at least riches is part of it. But for me that's not the most important thing. What I like about success is that it opens the door for more success! I guess what I'm really aiming for is this: universal acceptance as a creative individual."

Whether singer and songwriter he may be, and a poliner at that, yet Bobby doesn't think of himself as an artist, nor does he ever use the word "artist" in reference to himself.

He seems to have rejected it as strongly as he has "feeling successful."

Another thing he rejects is going through life with an entourage of willing sycophants at his heels. Fans, yes. He has 'em. Sycophants and hangers-on, no. They have no use for those.

Ultimately a wife and children come prominently into Bobby's picture of success in life. Several times during our conversation he talked about the day when he will have children. As to romance, he's certainly interested in that. Girls and boys go together like dancing and music, and Bobby has made no secret of it.

Having been brought up along with one sister solely by his mother, who died in May, Bobby has developed under the patriarchal influence. And the biggest influence his lovely mother exerted on him, as he expressed it, "to prepare me for every path I might walk in life." Above all, she taught him to walk all the time with his eyes wide open.

"I never go into anything blind," said Bobby. "Thanks to my mother, I'm ready for whatever people think or do. I can't be thrown by any surprises. Like anyone else, though, I can be temporarily stymied,

especially if the 'tools' and 'equipment' I surround myself with in my work aren't functioning right.

"It happened the other night during my late show. Up till then the lights, music, stage, everything in the club I was playing had been going for me, and I was in complete control. But at this last show the lights went wrong. From then on I had to give part of my attention and energy to compensating for the mechanical failure. I couldn't let the audience become distracted, and *that* distracted me, so I wasn't functioning fully as a performer. But," he added, "I still managed to be in control as much as possible under the circumstances."

Whatever else he might have missed out on in his formative years, Bobby never lacked love. There were times, you can be sure, when he wanted attention and his mother was too busy to give it to him. Yet he always knew he was loved.

Today more than ever Bobby is acutely aware that his mother sacrificed her own needs to his freely and spontaneously—because she wanted to. It was a matter of devotion, not duty.

Bobby even remembers her trying to explain to a friend why she never remarried after being widowed before her son was born. "I don't want a stranger bringing up my son," she said. And no amount of persuasion would move her to change her mind. Nevertheless, she leaned over backwards to avoid making a mama's boy of him.

"If you fall down, I won't pick you up," she cautioned her boy firmly. "But when you pick your own self up I'll brush you clean and help you get ready to walk ahead again."

"My mother only lived for me," Bobby said, "yet she would never have wanted me to feel that I owed her any kind of a debt of gratitude because of the sacri-



"I LIKE knowing I'm a success but I don't ever want to 'feel successful,'" says Bobby.

fices she made for me. She wouldn't want me to be under obligation to anyone, including herself.

"She had just one ambition for me, and that was for me to go ahead and be whatever I wanted to be. If there is any way I can pay the debt she would never let me feel I owed her, it is by being *successfully me*."

"It's hard to tell just what this business of being me amounts to because I keep changing all the time. Maybe that's how I'm most successfully me. It's certainly an important part of the business of living as far as I'm concerned. I'd hate to think of myself as going on being exactly the same year after year for the rest of my life."

"RIGHT now—at this moment—I think of myself as a reflection of everything I've seen and done. It's all part of me. I'm a reflection of all the things I ever *will* do, too. By that I mean the potentials for doing them is in me and when the right spark ignites me I'll do them. I'm also a reflection of other people's experiences. And by that I mean I can hear somebody's tale of woe or joy and live it myself—by proxy. It then becomes part of me."

By and large, Bobby used to string along with most of his mother's ideas, with her outlook on things and people. Of block-buster dimensions, however, was the intensity of the disagreement between mother and son regarding a big romance Bobby had when he was 18. His girl friend was a 31-year-old woman.

His loving but strong-minded mother came right out and said the woman was no good for her boy. This was one time when Mom tried openly to bulldoze Bobby. She did her level best to interfere with his misfit romance, and she succeeded.

"I found out then," said Bobby with a noticeable absence of regret, "that when your mom is right, there ain't nobody more right than your mom!"

Since his older woman episode he has gone with lots of girls, and Bobby has developed an abiding belief in the old theory that "the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin."

"I've known minister's daughters who acted like party girls, and party girls who acted like preacher's daughters," he said. "From what I've learned, they're all turned out of the same mold—the girl mold—and I like it."

Bobby also likes strength of character and mind, singleness of purpose, unwavering direction, and solidity. It should be added that these attributes are characteristics which he himself possesses abundantly, and for which he is widely respected. More and more is this true as he progresses in his career.

This child of poverty has clicked big. He has always had talent; today he has money and fame to go with it. And how is he going to hang on to all this?

"How am I going to get up in the morning?" answers Bobby. "If I'm alive—I'll do it!"

The Last Separation?

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single word—*finis*. For it has been learned that Miss Gilmore, in great secrecy, had her lawyers draw up papers for a legal separation. It is reported that no public announcement has yet been made because details of the financial settlement are being worked out. Only time will tell whether the legal separation will stand or be followed by a divorce.

NO one has been surprised by this turn of events for it has long been known that the 16-year-old marriage has been shaky, especially in the last few years while the dynamic, hard-working actor roamed the world making films and his pretty wife devoted herself to volunteer cancer research and fund-raising for Los Angeles' Mt. Sinai cancer clinic. And insiders say that a year ago Virginia was ready to toss in the towel on the tottering marriage when the grapevine shook with rumors concerning Yul's romantic adventures in Vienna. He was then filming "The Journey" with Deborah Kerr and was reported to have discovered a new love at the same time that Deborah's marriage broke up when she met Peter Viertel. Ah, romantic Vienna!

Matter-of-factly, Viennese gossip writers admitted that "the sexiest bald-headed man in the world" had become enamored of a 19-year-old Austrian starlet, named Frances Martin; speculated that he hoped to marry her when he was free. They'd met in a Vienna night club, candle-lit and filled with throbbing old-world waltzes. "Mr. Brynner can say such a simple word as 'Hello' in the most incredibly romantic way," reported Miss Martin. "There's an awful lot of animal in this man. He walks like a panther." After their first meeting they were seen together everywhere. Miss Martin's mother, former actress Jane Tilden, denied rumors of a close association between her daughter and Yul. "Just good friends," she told reporters. "How can they be anything else when he is a married man?"

When the bombshell broke in a dispatch from Vienna, however, the man who had taken a dim view of invasion of his private life, momentarily forgot his vow of silence to reporters: "These absurd rumors! *Fahn-tastic*," he rumbled, using his favorite word, and drawing his hand over his brow in a gesture of utter weariness. "After 14 years of marriage Virginia isn't disturbed. She knows there is no truth in these recurring romance rumors. Frances is a lovely girl—a very lovely young lady. I have known her mother (who is the Ina Claire of Vienna) for years and naturally I did see both Frances and her mother while I was making 'The Journey.'"

Still, it was noted later by the vigilant press, that his young Viennese admirer failed to visit Yul in Spain when he

was summoned to replace the late Tyrone Power in "Solomon And Sheba." At least no one on the set glimpsed her. Whether the lovely young starlet dropped out of Yul's life completely isn't known, but during this past summer while he was making "Once More With Feeling" in Paris, he was seen escorting the young American model, Doris Kleiner. Later, when he left Paris for Lausanne, Switzerland (where he rented a palatial new apartment), the young beauty was noted dining with Yul in the town's finest restaurants. And she was glimpsed with other hotel guests watching Yul's expert water-skiing demonstration on the blue, mountain-bordered lake at the elegant Hotel Beau Rivage.

A brash and fearless young American woman reporter dared to confront this symbol of kingly male arrogance and stare into his burning, hypnotic, ripe-olive brown eyes. "I know I'm risking an-



EVERYONE who knows Yul regards him in a different light, so complex is his make-up.

nihilation," she told him, "but is it true that for the past months you've been seeing a great deal of Doris Kleiner?"

Surprisingly enough, Yul let his non-existent hair down an inch or two and laughed the whole thing off. "These romance rumors with Miss Kleiner are utterly ridiculous," he began in the deep, resonant voice with its faint Charles Boyerish accent, a gentle play of amusement curling his full sensuous lips. "How do you answer such accusations as 'Is it true about you and that burlesque stripper I saw you with last night?' Fortunately I have a wife who is far too intelligent to believe such *fahn-tas-tic* stories."

Unfortunately, though, reports of Virginia's decision to seek a legal separation came to light at the same time. Yul is always both *The Movie Star* and *The King*. Reporters do not contradict this royal personage. Especially if they've seen

him uncoil and flick the silver-handled black \$600 bull whip which Cecil DeMille gave Yul as a souvenir of "Ten Commandments."

"In all fairness to Brynner," said a worker, "I do not believe that the marital troubles of Yul and Virginia are caused by anything so dramatic as 'a woman' or 'a triangle.' Wives of actors are irresistible to hordes of women developing tolerance to this sort of thing or their marriage withers before it's barely begun. Virginia, a highly intelligent, very feminine woman, understood thoroughly. During the early years of their marriage, no doubt she realized her dynamic husband's ego bloomed under the adulation of women, but that he found his happiness in his wife and at home."

THE real difficulty, I think, between them was much more basic. It was again that old debbil career which kept them apart just as it did Glenn and Ford. Like Glenn, Yul has made film abroad—and now he's announced he plans to remain overseas (probably for tax purposes) for the next three years, making all his pictures there. Virginia has her home on the Coast, and a son to bring up. Although she did put him in school in Switzerland for a time, she found this gypsy-like life no solution for their problems.

"Yul is a superhuman being who juggles his work and his manifold hobbies with furious gusto. He is such a perfectionist that he must get to the professional level quickly in each one—photography, stamp collecting, water-skiing, Yoga, philosophical studies, chef of exotic dishes, designing and building modern furniture, languages, collecting balustrades from around the world and singing to his own guitar accompaniment—I could know how many more. So, there was less and less time for him to share the interests and home life of his wife. Finally the two grew so far apart that they became like strangers to each other."

Yet this wasn't always so. In 1943 when Yul met Virginia Gilmore, a beautiful California girl from Del Monte, she was the star and he a struggling 28-year-old actor. They met at a Hollywood party and the fresh, unaffected, outdoors charm of this cool blonde beauty drove from his thoughts the sultry French sirens he had known on the cabaret circuit in Paris. A romantic bistro entertainer, Brynner even then had a well-deserved reputation as a Don Juan, and a number of the loveliest ladies in Paris hoped to see him into matrimony.

Shortly after they met, Yul and Virginia married on September 6, 1943. Their son was born three years later, and she gave up her career to make a home for Rocky and Yul. "My wife," the actor once explained in an unusually loquacious moment, "had appeared in more than 100 pictures for Fox Films and in 10 plays on Broadway. In those days I was so

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Jim Garner's Youth

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can't remember teachers calling me because he was behind in his work."

"But of course," Uncle John breaks in, "his aunt was the second grade teacher who kept an eye on all our boys. Everybody in town did."

When Jim came back from the Korean war, the first thing he did was buy a new car. Then he enrolled at the University of Oklahoma.

"I told him," Uncle John continues, "he was going to school to learn something, he'd better sell the car, but if he was going to have a good time, he might as well keep it. Well, he kept it."

Jim had such a winning personality it was hard to believe ill of him in any case. One day, for example, when he was in grammar school, a neighbor called Aunt Leone to complain.

"Your Jimmy," she said, "is threatening to beat up my Jimmy on the way home from school."

Aunt Leone was sorry to hear it and promised to speak to James about it.

"James," she said when he came in, "Mrs. Roberts says you're threatening to beat up her Jimmy on the way home from school. Are you?"

"And then," she tells, "he looked up at me with those big, brown eyes and said, 'Why, you know I wouldn't do anything like that.'"

"Of course I had to believe him. He was such a lovable child you couldn't doubt him."

"Oh, Jim never lied about anything," his uncle assured, "and as far as beating up someone goes, he could have done it. I remember the fight at the pool room?"

THE fight in front of the pool room is to Norman, Okla., what the Battle of the Alamo is to San Antonio, Texas . . . classic.

Jim and another high school athlete had a difference over a snooker game, as his uncle remembers it, and fought for more than an hour in front of the pool hall.

"Oh, it was a beauty!" old timers exclaim. Jim won, but he paid a price for victory. His hand was so sore the next day, his cousin, John Bumgarner, Jr., had to write his English theme for him.

James was an habitue of the pool hall, because, if he had any ambition other than to be a millionaire, it was to beat his Uncle John playing snooker. He practiced hard and challenged regularly, but Uncle John always won.

If Jim was undistinguished as a scholar, he was even less successful as a farmer. Uncle John had a farm several miles out from town and, on occasion, lived on it. Jim, naturally, was supposed to carry his share of the farm chore load.

It was Spring, a rain-washed, fresh-smelling morning, when Jim took a whirl at discing.

Jim whistled tunelessly to the accom-

panying chug of the tractor as the heavy discs turned the steamy earth. Sharply the harrow ripped through the tough sod and laid bare the brown soil for planting. Straight and true Jim cut the field until he came to the end of the row.

With a fine sense of accomplishment, he looked back over his shoulder at the ribbon of upturned earth behind him. With a surge of young energy, he swung the tractor around, turning sharply to begin another row. . . and, with a sickening sense of guilt, he braked to a halt. A wheel had caught slightly as he made the turn. Even before he looked back, Jim knew what had happened.

All the good intentions in the world melted away before his carelessness. He'd forgotten to lift the disc before he made the turn, and the tractor wheel had swung right into the harrow, slicing the expensive tires like butter.

Tractor tires cost about a hundred dollars each or more, and, worst of all, these were almost irreplaceable. It was during World War II when even tires for farm equipment were scarce.

UNCLE John, to his credit, kept his temper. He loves Jim like a son, and he knew Jim's own conscience would be his worst punishment.

"James," Uncle John chuckles, "just didn't take to farming. A week later, I left him planting some grass seed. I was afraid something would go wrong, and I told him to be careful with it, because it cost around thirty cents a pound."

"I drove into town for a while, and, on the way home, I passed the field where Jim was supposed to be working."

"As soon as I saw the cows standing in a circle, I knew what had happened. That boy had gone to the house for a minute and left the seed sack in the field, and the cows were eating it."

Jim's failures on the farm were legion. The day he tried to feed the calf, the calf threw milk all over him. When it came to farming, Jim just lacked the knack.

Maybe, of course, Aunt Leone and Uncle John were too tolerant. For example, one day the aunt was sick and, when the rest of the family went to town, Jim was left behind to wash breakfast dishes, tidy up, and mind the baby, Phil, who is now in high school.

He took care of the baby, evidently, because Phil was still alive when the family came home, but he forgot about the dishes and tidying up, and his aunt failed to remind him.

At evening, when Uncle John and the children rode up, they found everything exactly as they'd left it . . . including Jim, who was sitting on his aunt's bed playing canasta.

"The next day," Aunt Leone laughs, "we played canasta a while, but up in the day I told Jim he'd better straighten



FAMILY barbecue at brother Charles' home finds Jim dishing out ice cream to relative.

up some, and he did. He was always an awfully good boy."

Always an awfully good boy . . . that's the story of Jim Garner's life in Norman. Just what he did that was "good" is indefinite except that he brought happiness to people who knew him.

Asked whether or not the girls chased him, Uncle John grins. "I think maybe it was the other way around."

But Aunt Leone won't stand for that.

"They certainly did," she insists. "All the girls liked Jim. He'd run out of here looking so sloppy I'd call after him. 'Jim', I'd say, 'surely you're not going to see a girl looking like that.'"

"They'll have to take me the way I am," he'd laugh, "and they're glad to get me at that."

"And they were. He used to bring lots of girls out to the farm to ride horses, and then he'd come in hungry."

"Could you fix us something to eat?" he'd want to know. "I'd like some steak and potatoes."

"I remember, though, one girl who wouldn't date him. He went by a slumber party where she was a guest and asked her for a date. He came home pleased, because she'd given him one, but the next day she called and broke it. She said she couldn't go out with him because he was too tall."

"A woman came by the other day," Uncle John adds, "and told me she used to go out with James. I asked her if she had to walk home, and she said, 'No.' He was always a perfect gentleman."

James Garner wasn't a born farmer, obviously, and he wasn't a born scholar. Uncle John says he learned more from watching Oscar Levant on "Information Please" than any other way.

In fact, he may be one of the rare breed that was born to be a motion picture and television star . . . simply to bring pleasure to other people.

He's always done it. And, delightfully, by becoming a success, he's brought more pleasure than ever. Everybody in Norman is thrilled that the town was mistaken

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A Little Bit Kooky

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eat lunch either, and on a few occasions skips all three meals. When these periods of unthinking starvation—they are never forced—come to her, her appetite attains fierce momentum and in the end she falls on a meal of Marine proportions, devouring as if there were no tomorrow and chewing little enough as to alarm an expert on the functioning of the digestive tract. Shirley also gets fixated on certain foods and becomes impatient of variety. "I've seen her eat her weight in fruit at one sitting," a friend says. "Nothing but fruit."

AS A healthy and amiable girl, Shirley MacLaine can be said to have very few dissident quirks of personality, but some of these have come about as a result of the overwhelming volume of publicity that lately has come her way. At the time of a recent interview, she had appeared twice on the cover of a national picture magazine and once as star of the cover feature of one given ostensibly to news. Another picture specialist would coverblurb her a week from then and a monthly publication was coming up with more of the same. The heroine of all this was more concerned than otherwise.

"It's all pretty wonderful," she said, "but there's bound to be a saturation point. People are going to get good and fed up with looking at this face and reading about this me."

She was called to the phone and excused herself. While she was away, a studio spokesman said to the other person, "She's putting her foot down on all this about how she and Steve are 6,000 miles apart much of the time." Miss MacLaine's husband is Steve Parker, who is not an actor but looks more like an actor than most actors; a handsome, moustached man whose production activities keep him in Japan a great deal. "She's afraid people will think she can't remember his last name. Which, of course, she can. Besides, Steve has been in the (Hollywood) vicinity lately because of the success of the Japanese show he brought to Las Vegas."

The interviewer, who had as well a nodding social acquaintance with the Parkers, bore this in mind but asked when she came back:

"How's Steve?"

"Steve who?" She got the reaction she wanted—bewilderment—and then said, "Steve's fine."

She is worried also about any further pictures of her truly adorable baby daughter, Stephanie, who has been building a public of her own via so much photography. Stephanie, as most call her, not only is cute but is, in her mother's opinion, becoming aware of it. This sounds precocious but Shirley MacLaine Parker does not wish to risk her only child's growing up a ham.

When Shirley MacLaine says she is not

self-conscious, she speaks nothing less than the truth. A French philosopher of note once admonished his readers: "Never apologize, never explain." While Shirley may not carry self-containment quite this far, she still feels patently that she has nothing drastic to answer for, and it is an attitude that gives her superb outer aplomb. A close associate has said of her, "If she lived in a cave and you visited her, she wouldn't say a word about how the place looked. Wouldn't even think of it. She hasn't that kind of insecurity. Inside she may be a little scared—not that I think so. But you'll never know it from her." She loves to swim but must do so either in early morning or at night; the sun mars her sensitive skin. Yet she is one of the few women not in the least disturbed by wearing on her legs neither stockings nor a tan.

Naturally, she does not live in a cave. She lives in a pleasant home on the southern slope of the San Fernando Valley that probably would be called "ranch"—a California word for any architecture not definitely Tudor, Spanish or modern—and has a driveway so angled that it is almost impossible to get onto or out of without two tries. Before that, when Stephanie was a babe in arms, she lived on the beach in Malibu and swore lovingly she would never live any place else, and later on a hillside which likewise she was never going to leave. Despite her disinclination to discuss the matter, it is thought by those closest to her that Shirley MacLaine does get lonesome and does channel her



A DANCER, Hollywood decreed she become an actress. Now Shirley's one of the best.

devotions, those not lavished on Stephanie toward inanimate objects and possessions. She is emphatic and entirely truthful when she says, "I don't give a hoot about possessions!" but the energy of a need to live may seek outlets.

The Shirley MacLaine that will be veiled in "Can-Can" is the Shirley MacLaine who left New York for Hollywood a trained and adept dancer. Pictures decreed promptly that she become an actress and this she has done so well that many authoritative opinion thinks she is perhaps the best young actress films ever have developed. But the notion of dancing never left her.

"Not the notion," she said a while ago. "But I lost track of the dancer somewhere over South Dakota. She stepped out and left me there."

"South Dakota?"

"Yes. Flying out here from New York. When I got on the plane, I was a dancer. When I got off, I wasn't."

SHIRLEY MacLaine loves travel. Geography tends to confuse her. South Dakota is considerably north of even the most northerly routes used by air line between Chicago and Los Angeles. However, then, said a questioner, quibbling though he were from The National Geographic Society, did she get there?

"Oh, weather," said Miss MacL. "You know how long it took? Fourteen hours. Headwinds?"

"Undoubtedly. They blew the dancer right out of the plane. Until 'Can-Can.' She finished lunch and her mind made backward voyage. 'I don't,' she said, 'want people to think I'm anything ending in -nik. Because I'm not. Anyone who's something-nik is just because they worry about it. If they're natural, that's something else. But I do what I want to, not to be a character, and I don't think I am a character.' She put the exhausted gum back in her mouth. 'For instance, I like gum—but not second-hand. There's a difference, you know.'

Her audience acknowledged it: "You're tired of the oddball bit. You go back to work and I'll go back and think, and something will come of it all."

"Or you go back to work and I'll go back and think. That's even better. They're throwing me around today. This dance we're doing. There's one place I'm way up high. That I hate. I don't mind being thrown around but I'm really scared of high places."

"Acrophobia," said her friend, who by mischance knew the proper word for fear of high places.

"My!" said Shirley. "What's vertigo mean then?"

"When you get dizzy."

"All right. I get vertigo when I have what you said."

Vertigo or acrophobia, either doesn't make a body a-nik. Neither does leaving gum behind Frank Sinatra's ear. It's all up to what you feel like. Or how, more to the point, Shirley MacLaine feels.

END

Behind Millie Perkins' Engagement

continued from page 15

pending elopement had been given such wide credence. Dean and Millie's closest friends knew too well the torment separation felt by the couple during Millie's six-week tour of Europe for the continental unveiling of "The Diary of Anne Frank." They would have found it easy to understand how the gony of emptiness and yearning might have convinced Millie and Dean of the folly of waiting any longer to become man and wife.

Strangely, unpublished denials in the wake of the elopement reports raised knowing speculation that Millie and Dean might merely be trying to buy precious hours of privacy. For a mad weekend during the desultory summer heat wave, the elopement rumors had gone into orbit and circled Hollywood at a dizzying pace. They erupted over the radio and in print.

The day after the rumors whooshed off the launching pad, Hollywood photographer Lawrence Schiller received by coincidence a phone call—albeit on a totally different matter—from Leon Shoutter, a longtime friend of Dean's. Shoutter dropped a parenthetical remark that piqued the interest of Schiller, who also is a friend of Dean and Millie.

"By the way," Shoutter said, "word's around town that Dean and Millie are already married."

"Do you think they're married?" Schiller asked.

"That's what I hear," Shoutter replied. "I hear they've eloped."

PARTY to an elopement or not, Millie was in Hollywood bright and early the following Monday. She soon was heard from. Word got out that she had told a high studio official words to this intriguingly ambiguous effect:

"I don't think our marriage plans are anyone's business but our own. We'll announce them when and if we feel like it. We have no intention of making any marriage announcement at the present time. We'll announce it when and to whom we want."

It would be difficult to ignore the possibility that those words—if they were a reasonable facsimile of what Millie actually said—were intended more as a sop to her parents and Dean's than as a rebuke to the rumor authors. The language was too vague to pass as a categorical repudiation of elopement. It sounded more like an outburst of anger over the fact that the elopement plans had leaked.

Of course, in the unfortunate process of hearsay, reputed statements are subject to embellishment and distortion. In any case, this incendiary piece of intelligence ran through the corridors of 20th Century-Fox like a midsummer brush fire. Before the day was over, the studio quoted Millie as denying that she had eloped or that

she was contemplating elopement, denying that she and Dean had obtained a marriage license as reported, and denying that they were considering marriage any time in the near future.

Such news, presumably, would have been reassuring to families which not yet had overcome apprehensions about such a marriage. Yet an unusual thing happened. The denial, unequivocal as it was when officially released, got little or no currency. It seemed that original sources were being taken more seriously than the disclaimers. This, to be sure, was not unique in Hollywood culture.

It is considered almost naive to take at face value even the most impassioned denial of love or marriage. The desire of lovers to be off by themselves, in courtship or in wedlock, is as indulgently understood, if not as scrupulously respected, in Hollywood as it is anywhere else. So while the Hollywood press will not lightly pardon deception in other fields of human activity, it never equates a disproved marriage denial with prevarication. Denial is regarded more or less as the divine right of Hollywood lovers.

The simple fact is that months before the elopement rumors broke, Millie and Dean had decided to marry on July 20. Although they never contemplated public announcement of their intentions, they had carefully mapped out their private plans. Rather than break the news to their families on the spur of the moment, they previously had fixed June 24 as the day they would tell their parents of their July 20th marriage intentions. Apparently they procrastinated and did not follow that timetable.

Early in the year there was a possibility that Jerry Wald would star Dean in "Sons And Lovers" and start shooting in Europe in August. Dean and Millie had excitedly talked about how, if this deal materialized, they could combine it with a European honeymoon. This joyous eventuality did not come to pass because, among other things, Wald still hasn't gotten rolling on "Sons And Lovers."

MEANWHILE, Millie had to go to Europe to attend the Cannes Film Festival and to make personal appearances at international premieres of "The Dairy Of Anne Frank." Under ordinary circumstances, she might have been exultant. But like Dean she was heartsick because it meant they would be apart so long.

Millie long since had given up the apartment she had shared with her friend, actress Sandra Knight, to take a place of her own. The better to preserve her cherished privacy, the better to preserve as long as possible the secrecy and dignity of her romance with Dean. She packed lightly when she took off for Europe. She left the bulk of her wardrobe hanging in Schiller's studio.



ALTHOUGH together constantly, Millie and Dean managed to keep out of the limelight.

Once Dean came into her life it was inevitable that Millie would move out of the apartment she shared with Sandra. Millie is the retiring, elfin opposite of her buxom, blonde former roommate. While Millie is as quiet as the proverbial churchmouse, Sandra is outgoing and gregarious. This conflict-free arrangement was fine until Millie's attachment for Dean presented complications.

Sandra always had open house. There was a steady stream of Hollywood friends across her threshold. Dean and Millie, on the other hand, are congenital spotlight shunners. They dreaded the thought of a goldfish bowl courtship. As a result, Dean rarely risked being seen with Millie by calling on her at her place. They preferred to meet at his apartment, where there was no social traffic at all, and where their privacy was not threatened. Secure in their solitude, they would curl up on the couch and listen to music by the hour—everything from progressive jazz to Bach and Beethoven.

But Millie's departure brought no rupture of friendship with Sandra. Sandra understood completely. In fact, if she didn't play Cupid to Dean and Millie, she certainly was godmother to their romance. Sandra was a longtime student—and friend—of respected Hollywood drama coach Robert Blake, and it was only after Millie enrolled in Blake's class that her love blossomed. It was there, during a coffee break, that Millie got into a conversation with a diffident, slender fellow student named Dean Stockwell. They were surprised to discover that they felt the same way about practically everything they discussed.

Their coffee breaks became ritual. Soon they could barely wait for the halfway mark in their three-hour classes so they could go off together and chat again. They felt an exhilarating rapport. Millie's natural reticence fell away in Dean's presence, and his own shyness vanished

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BEHIND MILLIE PERKINS' ENGAGEMENT

continued

when he talked with her. Millie found herself confiding her innermost thoughts and problems, and Dean found himself an enthralled and sympathetic listener. They lost themselves in the delights of discovering each other.

CURIOSLY enough, when the first hint of a Millie-Dean romance got out, there was a tendency to dismiss it as studio publicity. It is true that Millie and Dean were working on the same lot when they met—Millie in "The Diary Of Anne Frank" and Dean in "Compulsion." But 20th Century-Fox not only had nothing to do with bringing them together, but had no knowledge that they even knew each other.

There was irony within irony. Dean and Millie actually met for the first time as an indirect result of a studio project to help Millie overcome her fear of meeting people. Nina Foch had been hired to coach Millie, and in addition to teaching her acting technique, Nina also undertook to bring Millie out of her shell. To this end, Nina arranged an afternoon party at her house, with a handful of guests including George Stevens, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. Aside from a perfunctory introduction, Dean and Millie barely exchanged words. Strangers they met, and strangers they left.

So Millie owed it all to Sandra Knight, not to her studio. Millie and Dean got along so well in drama class that within a week they started double dating with Sandra and Blake. Part of their natural affinity was their aversion to the usual Hollywood scene. The four of them would take long drives along the coast or go for Saturday afternoon picnics to Griffith Park. They would sprawl on the grass, laughing and talking, and enjoying their delicious anonymity.

Dean and Millie began dating by themselves. The instant they were together they came alive. They went boating, horseback riding and sightseeing. They discovered favorite out-of-the-way places to eat and took trips to Disneyland. They exulted in the magic their togetherness gave to the prosaic things they did. And they exulted in their privacy. As long as Dean wore his glasses no one seemed to notice him. And Millie, invariably wearing her beige corduroy carcoat over a white blouse and black skirt, still not seen on the screen, was in no danger of being recognized.

Dean caught Millie's enthusiasm for photography. With Larry Schiller's help, they both became expert at their hobby. They took pictures of one another while fishing, while picnicing in the Sequoias, boating in Balboa and Newport. They learned to print and develop in Schiller's dark room, and processed all their photographs there so that the secret of their love did not get out.

It was only because of mounting annoyance at dreamed up gossip items that Millie was dating Richard Beymer and George Stevens, Jr., that Dean and Millie finally decided to let Hollywood discover they were going together. But they did it in their own time, in their own way.

Dean had rejected a private invitation to the Hollywood premiere of "The Diary Of Anne Frank." He was not even expected at the opening. Then, attired in a rented tuxedo, he showed up as Millie's escort. The studio was just as startled as the fans in the bleachers.

After that, there were no further attempts to link Millie with other men. But the record was set straight at a price. It was the beginning of the end of the privacy they had enjoyed.

With an ocean between them after Millie went to Europe, they found their chief solace in the hobby of photography they had cultivated together. All over the continent, Millie took pictures with the Leica which Dean had given her as a going away present. Schiller's studio on Sunset Boulevard had become not only the scene where they nurtured their mutual enthusiasm for picture taking, but a refuge where they could meet safe from prying eyes. Back in Hollywood, the lonely Stockwell lost himself in photography, shooting layouts of other stars, and spending hours in the dark room.

Dean lived only for Millie's return.

"I just can't stand it without her," he gritted. "I don't know what to do with my time."

Dean also worried about Millie.

"I wish she'd get back," he kept saying. "This was the wrong time for her to go to Europe. At least if I was with her, we both could enjoy it. She's just not ready emotionally for being off in Europe all by herself."

Dean constantly tried to put through overseas telephone calls to Millie. He didn't go anywhere without informing his telephone answering service where he could be contacted. He ran into many frustrations. Once when a call was completed at Millie's hotel in Germany, he was informed that she had checked out five minutes earlier en route to Israel. He tried to phone her in Tel Aviv but was thwarted because of time differences.

Millie tried just as hard to get through to Dean. One time, to his acute anguish, he learned that she had phoned when he couldn't be reached. In the main, Millie was more successful than he. One day Dean was developing pictures when a call from Millie was put through to the dark room. They talked more than 20 minutes. His spirits soared. Millie phoned him every two days, and those stolen interludes from her whirlwind itinerary sustained them during the ordeal of their separation.

When, at what to them was intolerably long last, Millie came back to Hollywood, she was exhausted. Her doctor attributing her fatigue to the rigors of her European tour, recommended a long rest. Millie's private diagnosis laid her exhaustion as much to her anxiety-ridden absence from Dean as to the rigors of exploiting her picture. Their joyful reunion was a tonic to both.

Dean swept her in his arms at the airport and smothered her with kisses. It was possible, and it seemed quite possible, this appealing, sensitive young girl and boy were more deeply in love than ever. Certainly in that enthralled state of mind they could not have found the idea of elopement distasteful. For reasons of their own, they may have decided it was impractical or premature, but not distasteful.

It is not totally without basis that some

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DOCK-SIDE at Newport where they go sailing, Millie and Dean chat with Joyce Jameson.

Screenland Variety Values

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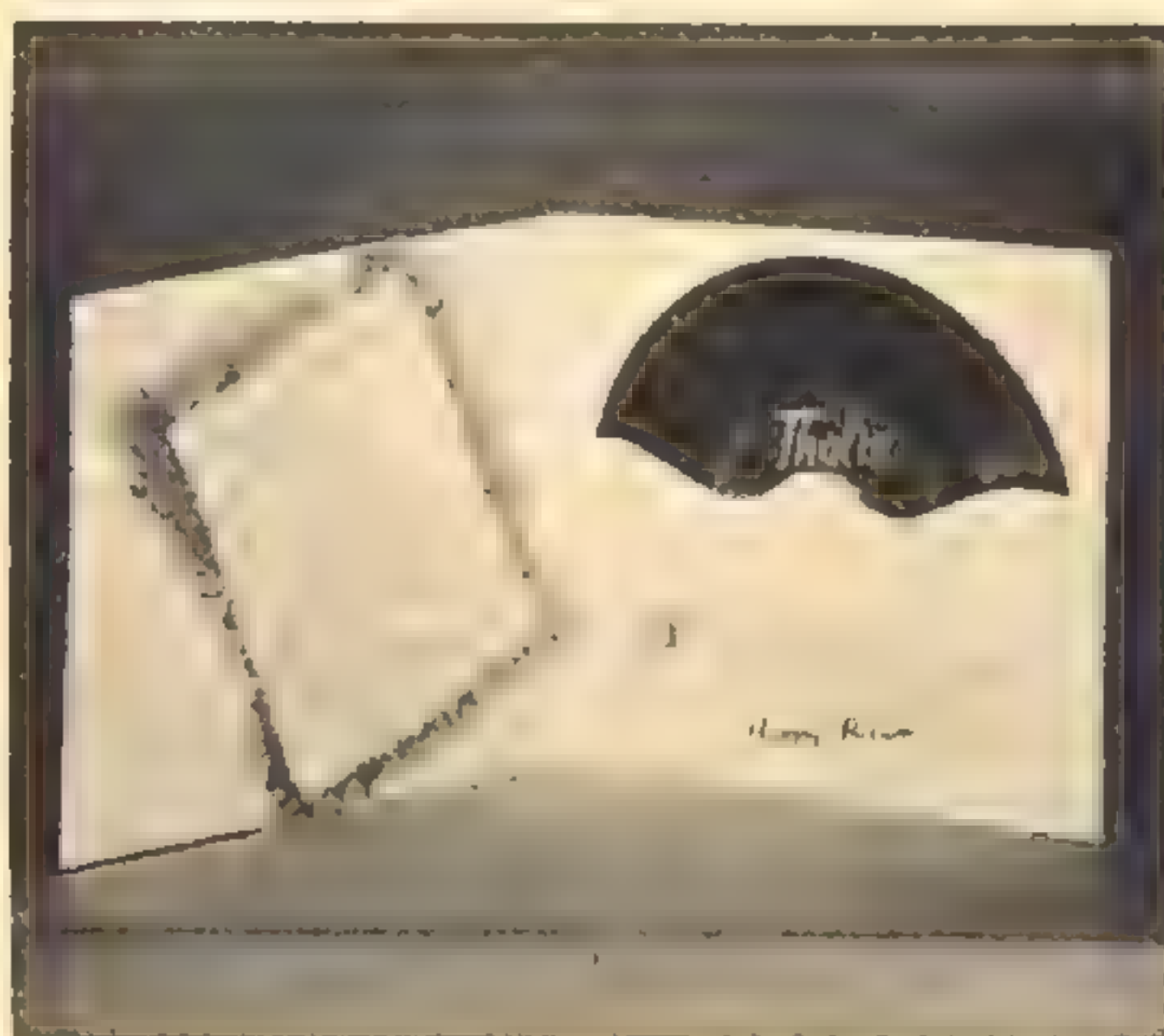
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"I Feel Old Inside"

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the pretty Little Red Riding Hood face regards dating with equal fervor. Recently she said, "I've often thought about writing a book about my life some day. That's, of course, if it should ever get really interesting." A life story that contains a dazzling gallery of young Hollywood men-about-town like Tab Hunter, Dennis Hopper, Tony Perkins, Buddy Bregman, Mark Damon and Italian actor Fabrizio Mioni, not to speak of a few men three times as old, such as John Ireland, is not only interesting, but downright sensational. Particularly for a girl who's only recently celebrated her 16th birthday! It's true Tuesday has dated younger men, among them Troy Donohue, Raphael Compos, Tommy Sands and Pat Wayne, but mostly these are studio-arranged twosomes. An ungrateful Barry Coe, urged to take Tuesday to a studio function, is reputed to have said, "No, I'm too young. Better get John Ireland." If the story is true, he and possibly Ricky Nelson are the only two not interested in the youthful heartbreaker.

TO her, dating men from 24 to 44 seems only normal. Her mercurial personality seesaws up and down the mood scale—a quality that gives her an air of mystery and unpredictability. And her provocative opinions on love and life, sometimes amazingly mature, sometimes impulsive chatter, have a certain shock value—probably why she enjoys making them. Asked about her puppy loves, she said, "I don't believe that any emotional involvement is less important than another. A child of seven or eight can be as much in love as an engaged girl. I don't believe that just because one person is younger than another, that what he feels is only puppy love. After all, age doesn't necessarily bring wisdom."

Discussing blind dates, Tuesday says: "My friends know I often take a date sight unseen just for the kick of meeting a new fellow. I've also hitchhiked out to the beach now and then and met interesting people. And one of my most interesting and handsome friends, Fabrizio Mioni, I met when he ran into our car and then asked me for a date! I dislike planned dates in general just as much as I dislike getting all gussied up for double dates because the other girl will be all dressed up. Naturally I go out with actors; we speak the same language and have fun."

"But sometimes I have to be rather selective because there are so many guys trying to break into films. They think I can help them become big stars. Naturally I'm flattered, but it is a pretty uncomfortable feeling to be with a guy knowing he personally doesn't care about me one way or the other."

And with a certain youthful naivete in spite of her seeming sophistication, Tues-

day displays typical teenage enthusiasm when she admits, "I love to have a string of males vying for my favor. Threesomes with Dennis Hopper and Mark Damon are fun—I like to observe their reactions to each other and to me. I always wonder what they're saying while they wait for me to get ready for a date." Laughingly, Tuesday continued, "I adore fights over me and making one guy jealous of the other," she admitted with a wicked little gleam in her eyes. "But once the fight is over, life becomes dull—too calm. When I've made a conquest, I look for someone who's more exciting. *Really, I just love fights* and I adore practical jokes on people."

"I'm also fond of dates with lots of activity but when I'm moody I like quiet, philosophical discussions. With Tab Hunter a girl can be assured generally of a date overflowing with activity. Not long ago I spent a whole day with him. At seven in the morning we went riding. Then we devoured plates of pancakes at breakfast in a tiny beach place all enshrouded in fog out at Malibu. After that, a walk on the quiet beach, and then we went swimming in the chilly water. Next we visited an archery range and I learned how to use a bow and arrow. A roller skating session was next on the agenda. Exhausted, we plopped down at a movie. Then came dinner and I staggered home, still exhausted, but pleasantly so."

Tuesday doesn't allow herself to become disturbed over criticism of her dates with John Ireland. He's a moody, intellectual rebel as well as a rough and ready type, quick with his fists according to what his ex-wife Joanne Dru told the police after their last battle. During his recent torrid romance with Kim Novak, Ireland was barred from Kim's studio. (Strangely enough, Tuesday bears a marked resemblance to Kim.)

"So what if I do prefer older men?" asks Tuesday. "I find the challenge of trying to interest a man of the world completely delightful."

TUESDAY pointed out that Natalie Wood used to date Raymond Burr and director Nick Ray when she was Tuesday's age. Natalie, too, started her career very young and was much more emotionally mature than boys her age. Tuesday also remarked that she hopes to marry someone who is intelligent, creative, entertaining "years from now—someone I can learn from. On dates, too, I want to learn. I'm a good listener. With men like Ireland I enjoy long involved discussions on life and acting. Because I'm a good listener I could never get interested in a boy like Ricky Nelson, for instance. Between scenes when I've worked with him on the TV show, he had absolutely nothing to say. Polite, yes, nice, but not my type. I much prefer men like Ray Anthony and John Ireland."



A TALENTED girl, Tuesday has a drive and ambition rarely seen in one so very young.

Why has Tuesday Weld turned her attention to men so much older? Is this a wise decision in view of her desire for a good marriage later? Why is she so anxious to leave adolescence behind—to move so swiftly into an adult world?

To find the answer I consulted a well-known Beverly Hills psychiatrist. I filled him in on the details of Tuesday's life—pointing out that she didn't remember her dad who died when she was so young; her early life in a cold-water flat in Manhattan; her long years of uninterrupted work; the fact that Tuesday is estranged from her sister, who is eight years older, and her brother, six years older. She is also reputed to resist advice from her mother, youthful, level-headed pretty brunette Mrs. Aileen Weld who seems to have little control over her.

I told him that Tuesday frequents until late hours the beatnik coffee houses that line the strip, plays bongo drums with the bearded beatniks and enjoys a game of pool in poolhalls. Her behavior is frequently non-conformist and so is her attire—long black stockings and strange colorful Mexican serape blankets in which she wraps herself. When she is feeling "beatnik," Tuesday reveals, she wears no makeup but pins on long flowing hair pieces or even dons a full wig. This false hair bit is the most provocative thing about this amazing teenager.

"I have several wigs," she explains, "plus a lot of false braids and extra hair in assorted colors that I use whenever I need a lift. There is a mannikin with blonde hair five feet long in a theatrical costume shop near the studio. I really dig that. . . . I'm a pretty moody kid. In order to help get myself out of moods I change cosmetics and fix my hair in different ways." Like her look-alike, Marilyn Monroe, Tuesday also loves to spend hours

in front of the mirror, studying her best features and applying makeup. Sometimes she'll go from child to adult by discarding a full-skirted sports dress and sandals for a figure-revealing black sheath and high-heeled pumps. A sleek chignon and ropes of bizarre jewelry complete the Theda Bara siren costume.

"Tuesday," explains her mother, "has played at make-believe all her life."

THE psychiatrist, who preferred that his name not be quoted, said, "Marriage does not begin with a walk down the church aisle or at the moment when the minister intones, 'I pronounce you man and wife.' Rather, marriage is a process which boys and girls enter during courtship, without any conscious planning, in the years of their youthful immaturity. Dating habits are therefore very important for the role they play in marriage. We've found that the best marriages are those in which husband and wife are as well-matched as possible in age, religion, race, education, economic and cultural status. Any fundamental difference is a potential threat to individual happiness in marriage because it makes mutual understanding more difficult to achieve. A much older man has likely been divorced and that adds to the risk in marriage. So, if Miss Weld should marry such a man, she'd likely find herself beset with problems.

"When a girl marries a man 10 or 20 years older, the relationship takes on the character of a father-daughter one; when the woman is older, it is a mother-son relationship. Some types of personality need this. The fact that Miss Weld grew up fatherless may have a bearing on it.

"It's been said that it's safest for a girl to marry the boy next door; this may make you smile, for he could be a two-year old toddler. But the statement carries a great deal of truth. It means that two young people, born of parents in a similar financial stratum, of the same race and religion, with approximately the same amount of education, have a great deal in common and this common background makes it much easier for them to get along with each other.

"Yet, many young people are marrying individuals who grew up in places and under circumstances very unlike the ones they themselves have known. This is basic to one of the most serious problems young people face in establishing durable marriages today."

That provocative child-woman, Tuesday Weld, says that marriage for her is something in the distant future. Her career is her all-embracing problem today. However, she does have one strong desire. And that is to meet her idol, Marlon Brando. With the drive and determination which have carried her from an unknown to stardom in a short time, you may bet on it that Tuesday will, sooner or later, achieve her desire.

Tuesday and Marlon—both non-conformist rebels—would make a highly explosive combination, indeed! **END**



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The Last Separation?

continued from page 60

times known as Mr. Gilmore, but it didn't bother me. I'm only vain about *both* of us—not one of us. We did a Mr. and Mrs. act in the early days of TV and we were the producers, writers, directors and performers of the show. I might also add we were terrible.

"Life wasn't easy for us in those first years of our marriage," he continued. "I'd contracted tuberculosis and the doctor told me I'd have to go away to Arizona and rest for three years. Instead, I borrowed a house from a friend in Mount Kisco, New York, and stayed there three months, curing myself completely through inner disciplines. We lived on Virginia's unemployment pay. And when that gave out, for three days we ate nothing but rice. Then I dusted off my old guitar and went begging for a job—any kind of job. I got it—a \$400-a-week-one—the lead in 'Lute Song' on Broadway. I was a pioneer in television production and then I went into 'The King And I'."

"In Hollywood, some of our old friends were disappointed that we didn't live like movie stars with Cadillacs marked 'His' and 'Hers.' But it is enough to be a king before the cameras. Our house is tiny, the kind you can go away from and forget. I am a simple, hard-working man with simple tastes in food. I seldom go out socially, and I have no interest in being a member of the playboy set. When you've gone out once, I say, you've gone out for all time."

While it is true that the Brynner house north of Beverly Hills is a small, modest place, it's not quite accurate to label Yul Brynner as a modest, retiring person—a "shy man" as he likes to say. He employs high-priced publicity people to keep the "devoted husband and family man" image green; he stays only in the finest hotels, dines in the best restaurants and he drove a 12-cylinder, \$11,000 custom built Alfa Romeo. Later he changed to a sleek, low-slung Mercedes with YB prominently displayed in the New York license plate.

Yul is a gourmet, even has an electric rotisserie installed in his studio dressing room where he prepares his own lunch. On the dressing room door is a sign "IT RHYMES WITH SINNER." At noon he relaxes there in a hammock, wearing a specially custom-designed zippered coverall and soft moccasins. And woe betide any studio worker who dares to disturb The King at rest!

A man of sudden, intense angers who can issue commands like a top sergeant, this highly controversial actor can also display real sensitivity to people's feelings. Frank and blunt in criticism, he has a habit of stamping his feet and using broad gestures when he's emphasizing a point. An egghead in more than one sense, he is an intellectual who speaks seven or eight languages and has studied at the Sorbonne in Paris. He can be a

charming conversationalist when the mood strikes him. But his moods are completely unpredictable—at times he's very high; at others, sunk in gloom.

Yul admits he sleeps only five hours a night and friends agree he eats like a starving wrestler. He maintains a washboard stomach and the silhouette of a classic Greek statue yet he wolfs down five and sometimes six meals a day starting with a breakfast of steak, fried potatoes, apple pie and cheese.

He's a highly complex personality, this most exciting of male stars, even though he likes to call himself an "average clean-cut Mongolian boy." And because he is so complex, each person who knows him seems to come away with a different version of Yul Brynner. But all are agreed that there is intense rapport between him and his son Rocky. In view of the marriage break-up, this is an additional sorrowful matter for father and son.

Rocky is a carbon copy of his dad with the same chunky build, same intense dark eyes. Friends have observed that they spend time together with a special understanding, a wonderful intimate rapport. Earlier, fathers of Bel-Air public school boys reported that Yul regularly attended Cub Scout meetings with Rocky and that the handsome actor rubbed sticks, tied knots and worked for merit badges with the same intensity he bestowed on his philosophical research.

"Rocky," Yul said proudly, "is really a wonderful boy. He's an expert water skier and could ski when he was three years old. I want him to be a good athlete, to develop his body, and I'm pleased, too, that he's showing an interest in school dramatics. We have fun together."

And a guest reported, "It was amazing to see Rocky, his eyes shining as he watched from the sidelines while Yul gave a Yoga demonstration in their patio. With his hard muscles and narrow waist Yul resembles Mr. America and he could draw his stomach in so that his midriff looked about three inches thick. But Mrs. Brynner didn't display too much interest. It appeared to be Yul's show and she let him star."

Although this egg-bald panther of a man fairly oozes sex appeal to females from six to sixty it appears that lately Virginia has grown slightly immune to her husband's charms.

A woman friend of Miss Gilmore reveals that "in late years there has been no outward show of affection between them, yet each is most affectionate with their son. Virginia is a highly intelligent, lovely woman with a rich, cultured voice. She put her whole heart into her unpaid cancer work, even taking science courses at the university. Now she hopes to reactivate her stage career as well as to continue with her cancer research work. Sometime ago she said, 'I've just been

of looking for something that would up my time. My boy is at school; husband is absorbed in picture making. I'm not interested in gadding about women friends. I need something to my days."

Could it be that Yul's highly original sense on love and life contributed to the break-up of a marriage which started out with such high hopes for these two intelligent people?

Can you understand begging a woman

to love you," Yul explained, "but to be miserable if she doesn't, I don't understand. It is not only unmanly, it's ridiculous. If you base your life on whether a woman is going to love you or not, you are better off dead. Too much importance is attached to love and loving. In the realist sense you live your life alone; in essence you are born, live and die alone. If you can learn to live with yourself, the relations you acquire with other people, be they close or casual, are gravy." **END**

Behind Millie Perkins' Engagement

continued from page 64

their friends still hold to the suspicion

Dean and Millie already are married. Some weeks after her return from Europe, Millie tried repeatedly to get in touch with Schiller. She finally left a message informing him that she had to pick up her wardrobe and black suitcase before the weekend!

It was to turn out the same weekend elopement reports went aloft.

At the time, Schiller read no special significance into Millie's desire to collect her clothes. He left word that she could claim them anytime she wished. The next day Millie came by to gather them up. While there, she paused to admire a blowup of a color portrait Schiller had taken of her and Dean.

"That picture," she said wistfully, "is the most wonderful thing in the world. I'm sorry it got as much publicity as it did because it was a *private* picture!"

It was on that very same weekend, her wardrobe again in her possession, that the countdown started on Millie's alleged and subsequently denied elopement plans. The tantalizing riddle emerged in retrospect as the fact that Millie chose that particular time to pick up her wardrobe just by coincidence—or was it a tipoff?

A week later another curious thing happened in Schiller's studio. The color portrait Millie had admired—valued at close to \$1,000—disappeared from the wall where it had been proudly displayed. Schiller reported the mysterious theft to Hollywood police.

The vanished picture was one elope-

ment that could not be denied—or, for that matter, fathomed. No more than why the threat of publicity should make Dean and Millie call off their runaway wedding plans—unless they had not yet taken their parents into their confidence.

In the weeks that followed, Millie and Dean were together almost every waking hour of the day. Dean rehearsed for his role in the UCLA experimental stage production of "Mother Courage." Millie, in white blouse and black-rimmed glasses, sat unostentatiously in the rear of Schenberg Hall, watching Dean like an admiring bride—or an admiring sweetheart.

There were even those who thought they noticed a wedding band next to the engagement ring on the second finger of Millie's left hand. Yet they insisted on maintaining their pose of aloofness toward marriage. It would seem, in view of subsequent events, that they may not have felt the time was propitious to reveal the certainty of their intentions to their families.

Now that Millie and Dean have officially announced their engagement, all the speculation is so much film on the cutting room floor. It no longer matters whether their reported elopement try came off or not. If indeed they are going through a token engagement and a second marriage ceremony, they would only be sanctifying their love with an act of consideration for the feelings of their respective families.

It would be a gesture entirely in keeping with their sensitive natures. **END**

Jim Garner's Youth

continued from page 61

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"It couldn't happen to a nicer fellow," is the consensus. "The rest of the world is simply finding out what we've known

all the time. . . to know Jim Garner is to like him."

Jim has always been honest. . . Jim has always been generous. . . Jim has always been even-tempered, although he'd fight when he had to. Jim, growing up, liked everybody, so, even if he couldn't farm, it was unimportant. He was good at something much more significant. He had the ability to be a friend. **END**

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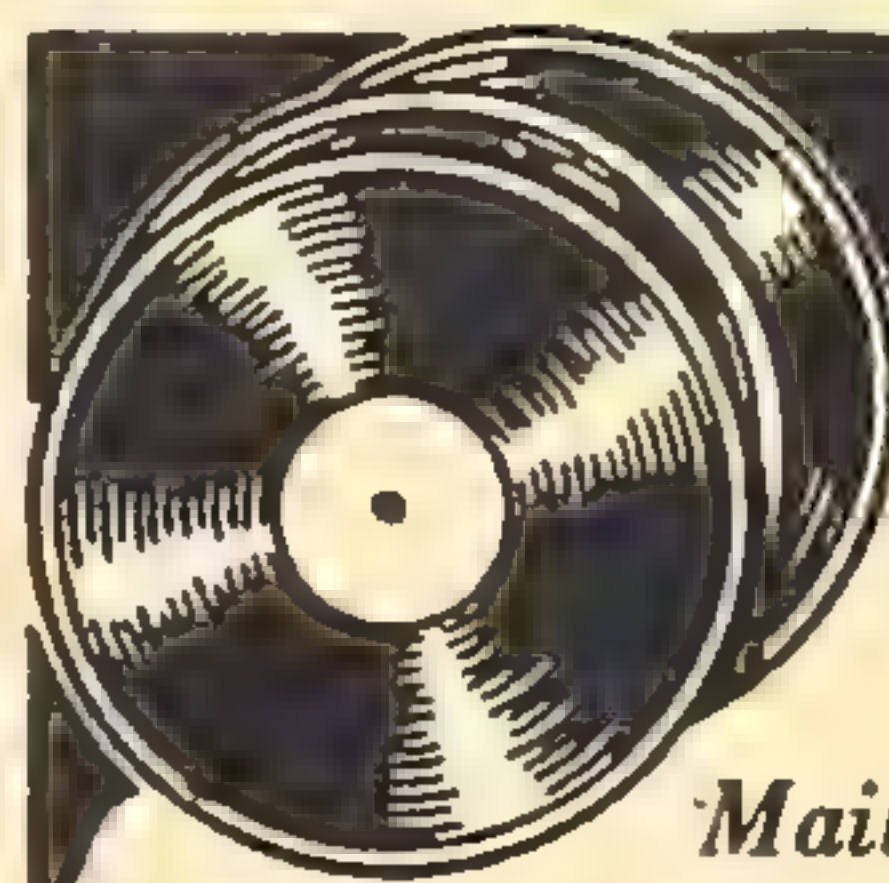
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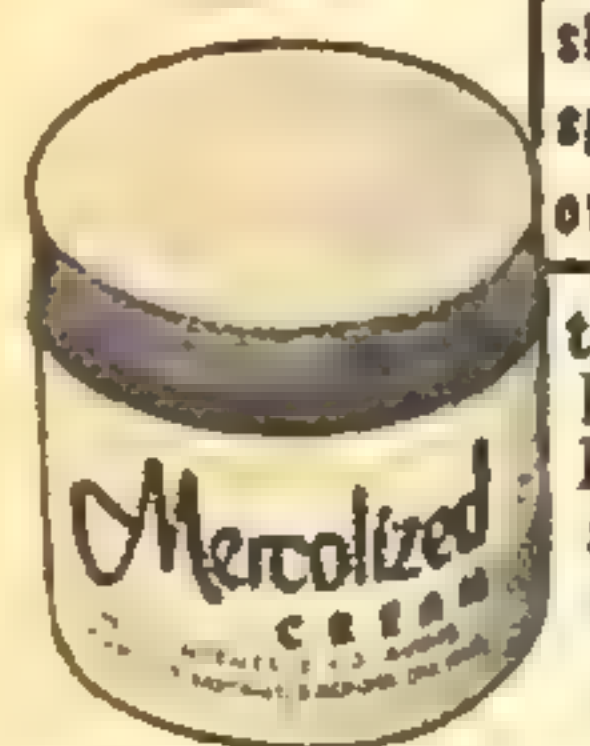
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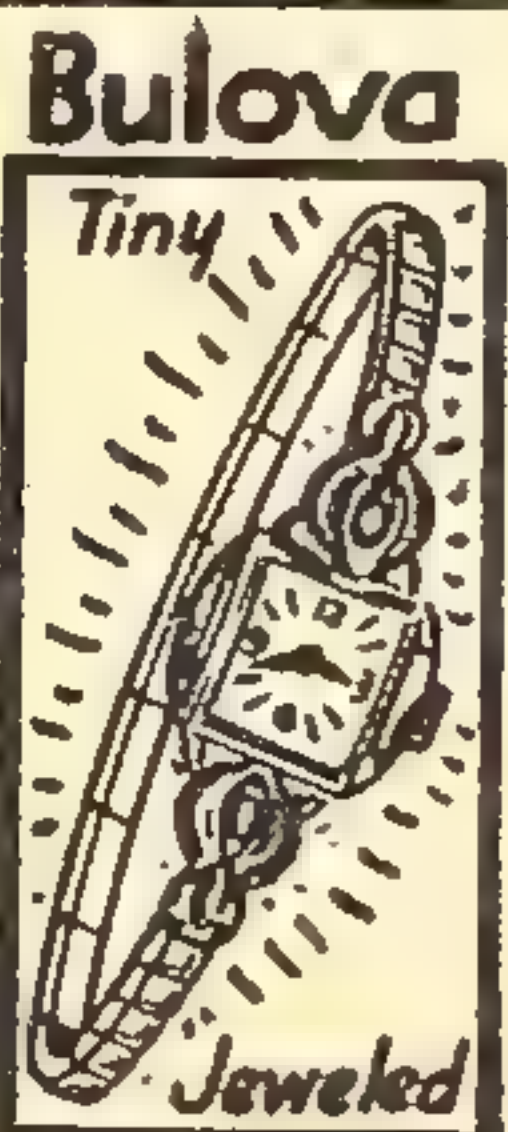
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A New Kind Of Love

continued from page 25

divorce than that. No matter how they try to justify it, when married people cheat, there's much more wrong with them than they think. That is never a solution. They only hurt themselves more because that way they will get so many complexes, so many guilt feelings. They could only be miserable."

So instead of letting there be infidelity and remorse, Jimmy let there be unsparing self-evaluation. Out of it, he let there be light—in the welcome guise of love.

"I realized that something can do you good even though it has done you harm," he smiled. "No experience is wasted if you learn from it. I realized that I'd missed a lot in life, that I hadn't known what I was or what I was looking for. Not that I wasn't always a thinker. Even when I was 15, I would think and think.

"But I would never go deep enough with it," he reflected, "because I didn't have enough knowledge of myself to go deeply into it, to really know when I'd like something. I took things at surface value. I used to do things I didn't really want to do, and I didn't do the things I really did want to do. I never got down and really took a look at life. Now I can get down and look at life, and come up, still ride the crest and have a better time. Before it was like swimming on top of the water and not knowing what's down underneath."

With understanding he found the strength to deal with his unhappy circumstances. Later, when he met Evy, he was ready for something he once bungled by taking it on prematurely. He was ready for love.

"My understanding of life has expanded so much in the last year, more in the last year than the whole span of my life before. My understanding really began when I met Evy.

"I can't tell you what meeting Evy did for me," he said. "I grew up. My emotions were greater. My feelings were deeper—deeper for her and deeper in my reaction to other things. Before when I liked things, when I really liked things, I only pretended to like them. Now I'm not afraid to show that I like something, just as I'm not afraid any more to blow my top if I feel sore about something. I think I have become a better person since knowing Evy."

Certainly that moonlit, kleiglit night on the mall at Columbia Ranch, Jimmy Darren did not run from his emotions. He had not outgrown his boyish charm and enthusiasm, only the doubts and fears that once hampered their expression. Once it would have been unthinkable to be so demonstrative. Now he didn't think twice about displaying the exhilaration he felt over marrying Evy.

"I'm really, really anxious about meeting Evy's parents," he said eagerly. "One



"MY understanding of life has expanded so much in the last year," declares Jim

night Evy felt kind of blue for her mother so we called by overseas phone. It was the first time I ever talked to her, I became all tongue-tied. Evy had told me some Danish, and I was able to say 'How are you today?' I was so nervous. Then her mother told Evy, 'He sounds sweet, but I couldn't understand a word he said.'

Evy had sat down next to Jimmy. He laughed as he related the incident.

"Oh yes," she offered proudly, "Jimmy knows how to speak a little Danish. He can say *jeg elsker dig*—very nicely. It didn't take him much time to learn that. It means, 'I love you.' He has even learned to sing in Danish."

Jimmy grinned at Evy's little tale of school.

"I've seen pictures of Evy's parents. He picked up where he left off. They sound like very warm people. They say hello to me in all their letters. My recording of 'Gidget' is just becoming popular in Denmark. They play it on the radio every night, and Evy's father, by the radio listening to it, so proud of his future son-in-law. They sound so nice and human. I kind of love them without knowing them.

"I still have to learn so much Danish. The dark-haired boy from Philadelphia said, 'I don't want to sound like an idiot when I get there.'

The assistant director's voice boomed over the p.a.

"Jimmy Darren! Jimmy—we're ready for you."

Jimmy took a last gulp of coffee, gave Evy an affectionate nod and went back before the cameras.

Once more his pre-recording was played. The night was filled with the tender voice of Jimmy Darren singing—as if he believed it, and he did—"There Be Love."

Coming Attractions

continued from page 8

king scruples along with morals, Curtis has an amazing ability at hi-jacking. Soon has the derelict sub off on the high seas and headed, he hopes, for another port and another assignment. On one and foray, Curtis adds to Grant's problems by bringing back alive a toothsome group of stranded Army nurses. In the cramped space Grant has to make do, while Curtis tries to make Dina Merrill. Understandably, all sorts of provoking semi-military maneuvers start—including a dazzling paint job that leaves the sub shocking pink. Lots of salty fun in these quarters. (Universal-International.)

A Journey To The Center Of The Earth

ALL SORTS of weird things happen to Pat Boone and Professor James Mason in this Jules Verne story of geology, intrigue and science fiction. In DeLuxe color, you can well imagine how effective this combination is, especially when a bevy of prehistoric reptiles appear and jazz things up even more. Also caught in these inexplicable shenanigans are Gene Dahl and Diane Baker. How Pat Boone finds time to sing, which he does quite handsomely, too, is probably a greater mystery than Mr. Verne even could have fathomed. In this, not only is the imagination stretched, but there's no doubt that it can ever go back in time. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Jayhawkers

TURNING over Jeff Chandler to the authorities would be a double triumph for escaped convict Fess Parker. Besides official pardon, he'd have his revenge on Chandler for running off with his

wife. Unfortunately, when Parker manages to join Chandler's renegade band, he begins to see his victim in a different and softer light. An icy-blooded charmer, Chandler wants to take over all of Kansas by an ingenious plan. First, he sends hordes of his men into a town to terrorize the citizens, then, he follows with a plan to bring law and order. In gratitude, the people practically turn the town over to him. If Parker didn't come to his senses, after one of Nicole Maurey's children is a victim of a raid, could be even to this day Kansas would be a country all its own. Filmed in DeLuxe color, this is a Western with real Napoleonic flavor. (Paramount.)

END

The Miracle

FOR Carroll Baker this offers tremendous acting opportunity ranging from the stark simplicity of a young innocent convent postulate, to a fiery gypsy, a cafe entertainer and an elegant mistress. From the moment Carroll decides to flee the convent where she had grown to womanhood, hers is an ill-starred future. The man, British dragoon Roger Moore, from whom she had given up her obsession to be a nun, is reported dead. With no one to turn to, she's befriended by gypsies Walter Slezak and Katina Paxinou and eventually causes the death of Katina's sons, Vittorio Gassman and Carlos Rivas. Next to love Carroll and die, is bull-fighter Gustavo Rojo. Then follows aging benefactor Dennis King. After a Technicolor past like that, Carroll has reservations about resuming her romance with Moore when he re-appears. For him, she makes a sacrifice. This time, the love that had destroyed is used for greater things. (Warner Bros.)

END

Why Edd Byrnes Shuns Love

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Kookie will no longer be popular. Despite those 6,000 fan letters a week that currently swamp his studio, Edd is thinking about his future.

As he told columnist Erskine Johnson, "One of these days I want to comb Kookie right out of my hair. Oh, not right away, and maybe not for a long time. But we're toning down the 'like a crazy, man' jive talk on our show. We've been cutting some of those ginchy words right on the set. It's a little too much when I go through the whole show."

Despite the constant spinning by the disc jockeys of "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb" and his new album, "Like, I Love You," the booming sale of Kookie combs at drugstore counters, there eventually comes a time, Edd knows, when

"Hollywood cookies tend to crumble." "So," he said, "I don't aim to be swept into a dustbin and carried out, feet first, as a has-been before I'm 30. I want to make sure that Edd Byrnes is around when Kookie is gone and forgotten."

This is one of his major plans for the future—to get establish himself as Edd Byrnes rather than as just a character on a TV show, popular though that character may be. Cannily, too, Edd insists on knowing where he's heading in his career before he puts a wedding band on any girl's finger.

Some sob sisters have had Edd weeping in his yogurt, mooning, "I want someone, someone to love—someone who will end this terrible loneliness," but Edd's in-

continued on page 72

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Why Edd Byrnes Shuns Love

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timates know that he has never expressed such treacly sentiments. Syrupy yarns purporting to reveal some new "inner secret" of his life make Edd wince. "They're a drag," he says, about these "intimate" revelations. "Most of the stories they write about me are not me at all. I look at them, glance at a line or two, then toss them away in disgust."

One of the girls who has dated him said, "Edd is so changeable that you never know from one minute to the next where you are with him. He can be very, very moody." Though he insists that he himself is not like Kookie ("I don't go in for that beatnik stuff, except when I'm working"), Edd is not above a gag or two right out of his characterization in "77 Sunset Strip." Co-workers recall that when Edd was making "Yellowstone Kelly," his own private tag for the flicker was "Indianville." And one day, when Clint Walker was somewhat tardy galloping his steed into a scene, Edd strolled over and said, like casually, "Hey, what kept ya, man?"

This is the fun-loving Edd, the man with a voracious lust for life. His eye may not be on the sparrow, but it gleams for any new chick. Recently, he was a pretty frequent visitor, insiders said, on the "Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis" set. Edd is a close friend of the series' young male star, Dwayne Hickman, but he really came to see someone else—a 17-year-old teenage *femme fatale* named Tuesday Weld. She was the star attraction for Edd—at least for that week. And then there is pretty Sandra Dee, whom he has dated a few times; Venetia Stevenson, June Blair, Cindy Robbins, who gets

around with a lot of the boys; K. Nolan, Dorothy Provine and a number of others.

But his most frequent dating today done with Asa Maynor. Asa is a 22-year-old actress now appearing in L. Theatre plays, and Edd likes his d with her. Yet even Asa knows that the Edd has probably kissed quite a few goodnight, there wasn't a lasting kiss a carload.

"I can't be serious about any girl," says, over and over. "Most of the girls take out are young actresses who are as wrapped up in their careers as I am mine. The truth is, I've never really close to marriage—not so far, anyway."

While Edd knows that he will not main a bachelor indefinitely ("My ta for marriage is when I'm around 30"), search for a lasting love is currently in the conversation stage. "My moth grinned Edd, "would love to see me ried. But my kid sister Joanne, w only 12, and all her friends say, 'Pl Edd, no; don't get married.' So what fellow going to do?"

If the truth were known, Edd fee little sorry for the girls who run a him, or write him purple-passaged n notes. Some, even bolder, have actu proposed. "How can I pretend to be love with a girl when I'm not?" Edd a with characteristic candor. When he "Let's just be friends" to girls, it's cause he has to, not because he wants

Yet there is no truth to rumors that studio has told him, "You're forbidde love." "Such an edict would be sil said a studio man. "For one thing,

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Why Edd Byrnes Shuns Love

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wouldn't stand for it. The real truth is, the kid has no time. Between filming his TV show, making recordings, posing for publicity stills, devoting every single lunch hour to interviews and going out on whirlwind personal appearance tours, Byrnes is probably the busiest boy in Hollywood. If he did have a steady girl, he'd be breaking dates with her every other night—and you know how long a girl would go for that."

It is largely this problem that keeps Edd alone and unattached. He remembers that when he first came to Hollywood, he wangled a tiny, almost invisible role alongside Tony Perkins in "Fear Strikes Out." Though he is normally unafraid ("I can bluff my way into any situation"), there are relationships where sheer bluff simply isn't enough. Were he to become enamored of any girl, Edd would have to take on obligations and responsibilities that he's just not ready to face. A loner as far back as he can remember, Edd is aware that he might feel restless in double harness, or even if he were engaged. He knows, too, that his life is so frenetic today that he could give only a small portion of himself to any girl, and in love, half a loaf is *not* better than none. Not the way Edd sees it, anyway.

THOUGH he tells the story with a wry smile, Edd is not particularly proud of an encounter that took place at a party not long ago. Coming into the room, he spotted a girl whose face looked enticingly familiar. Edd smiled, but the girl looked coldly through him. He couldn't, at first, understand her disdain. Then he finally remembered. "She was a nice girl I'd once taken out," said Edd, ruefully. "Just after that, I had to go on location and I promised to phone her. When I got back to the studio, there were a million things to do, and I'm ashamed to say that I forgot my promise. It was the first time that I'd been so busy working that I'd forgotten to call a really sweet girl whose company I had enjoyed."

Edd does not say so, but it is clear that such occurrences in his romantic life tend to make him overly-cautious. It's as though he were saying, "My life right now is not my own; how can I possibly share it with anyone?" Some men, more callous or more selfish than Edd, might comfort themselves with, "I want this girl and I'm going to marry her, and she'll just have to see me when she can." But such a philosophy is not for Edd. No man is an island, Edd knows, and he remembers with a good deal of pain that as a child he saw almost nothing of his father, who was an Army man and came home only on infrequent leaves. For Edd, there must be true family life, and until he is ready for it, he feels it isn't fair to ask any girl to content herself with merely a fraction of himself.

And so, for all his surface flippancy, Edd forces himself to believe that the time is not yet ripe for love. "Sure, I'd like to have the right girl bossing me around," he says—but that's as far he goes. Like a schoolroom text he's learned, he'll recite, "When the day comes that I'm fortunate enough to achieve security, I'd certainly want to share it with someone, and I intend to. What's in life if you're just tied up within yourself and with your own selfish interests?" But in another mood, he'll shift back to his contention that there are other things in his plans more important than love—and then you know that Edd is not really ready to settle for just one girl.

The real truth is, doubts still assail him, and in his all-too-rare moments of self-revelation he confesses, "I find it hard to be really close to many people." On the other hand, almost no one in Hollywood—at least among the younger stars—is less introverted than Edd. He is not a man to prowl among the mysteries of his own subconscious. A head-shrinker would starve waiting for Byrnes to lie down on the analytic couch. Though he may wear childhood scars, he hides them very well.

"I didn't have a particularly happy boyhood," he said, "but it was no worse than any other kid's. I wanted to go to Hollywood and become an actor, and I did. I've always been fascinated by the unknown—I guess I'm the explorer type—and I've had the chance to explore new experiences to my heart's content."

If Edd is hoping, in time, to comb Kookie out of his hair, he has valid



MARRIAGE, to Edd, means a true family life and he feels he's not ready for that.

reasons. As one observer put it, "I made six pictures before he started raking that comb through his ginger-brown hair on TV. But if the teenagers noticed he they certainly didn't flip for Edd until he started making with the jive talk. Kookie and Edd Byrnes are two almost totally different people, as those close to Edd have long known. If Edd sometimes wonders if those 6,000 eager letters a week are for Edd Byrnes, merely for Kookie, it's understandable. And like any normal man, Edd has the notion that he'd liked to be loved most for himself.

THERE was the time, only recently, when a great many of Edd's fans went into a tizzy over a certain phone number mentioned in his new album, "Like I Love You." Supposedly, the phone number was a concocted one through which Edd could be reached, but by some incredible error it turned out to be the business office of an exterminating company in a Los Angeles suburb. The first day the album came out, more than 2,000 phone calls from Kookie's admirers lit up the exterminating company's switchboard like a crazy Christmas tree—some of the calls coming from as far away as New Jersey and Maine. The frenzied calls for Kookie literally put the company out of business, and Edd's studio spent days straightening out the mess.

So, when Edd now meets a new girl, it's hard for him not to wonder, "Who's the attraction—Kookie or Edd Byrnes?" So many chicks, he knows, have flung themselves at him, cloying smiles his way in the hope of furthering their own careers. Such a calculated interest leaves him cynical and even fearful. If Edd is looking for a girl, his search is for the girl who will care for him, not Kookie, because that's the way with the comb is a different fellow altogether. And until he's sure that he is loved entirely for himself, with all his faults and frailties and his own Edd Byrnes charm, he's going to keep that armor right on his heart. He'll say again, as he has said so often, "I'm simply drowning in a sea of beautiful faces. There are so many lovely girls around that a fellow just can't choose."

But in that new house of his (still skimpily furnished with only a couple of chairs and a bed), one girl *could* make Edd happy. Not even Edd knows her name—yet. He doesn't know what she looks like, and at this moment, her eyes, be they grey, blue or brown—are of only academic interest. What does matter is the way she'll make Edd understand that it's *he* who counts with her—the real Edd, the boy who made it the hard way, not that brash fellow cavorting on the 21-inch screen.

That's when fear will strike out, for Edd and his girl. That's when Edd will stop running away from love. Until then he'll probably keep a lock on his heart, and only the very brave and understanding will own the key to open it.

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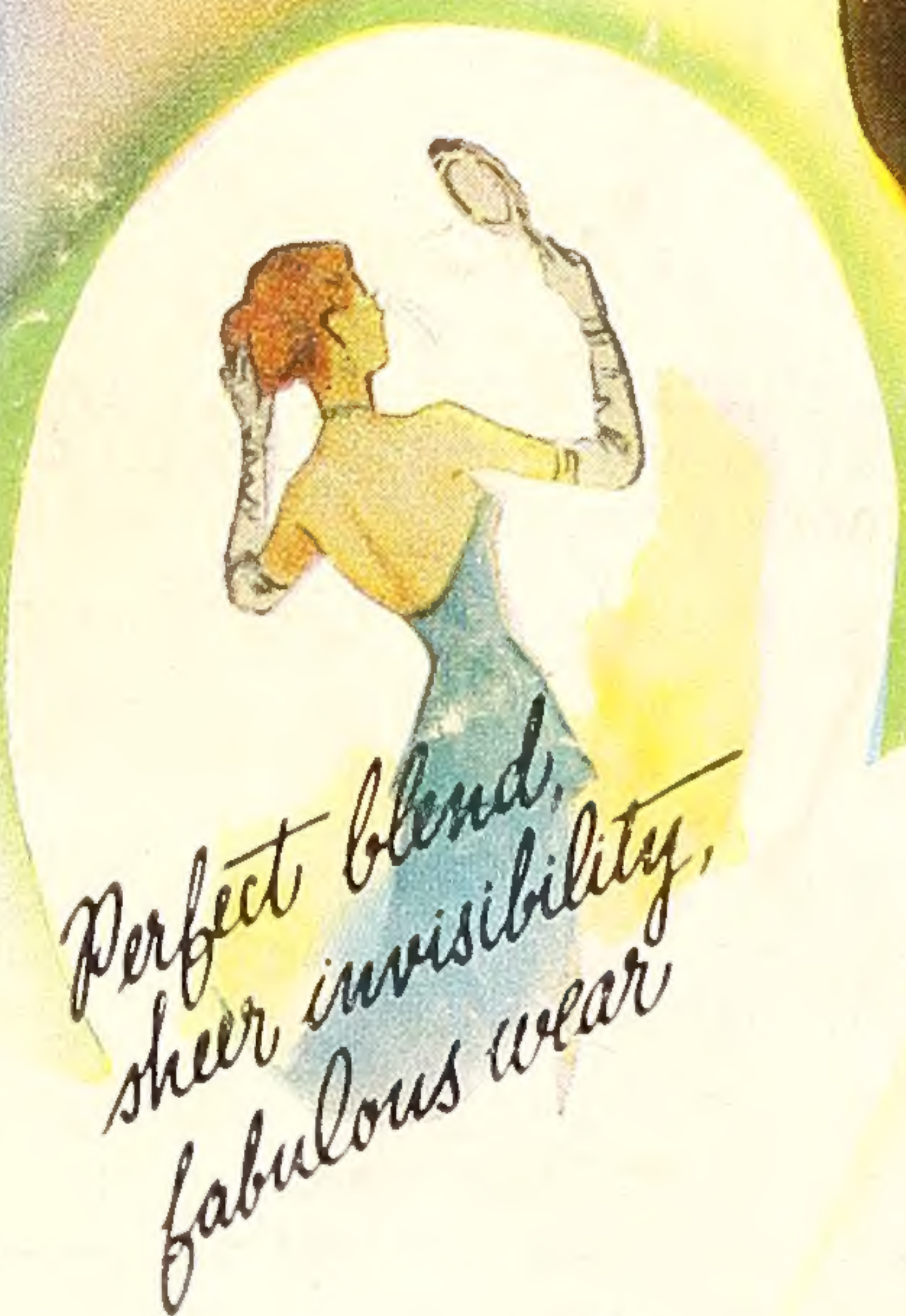
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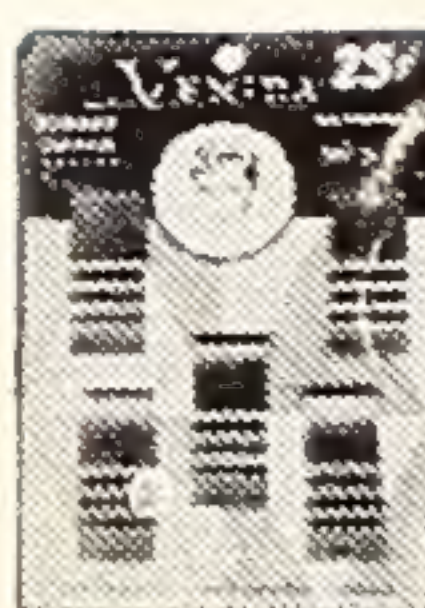
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